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# ASHBACK

*PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE*

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**FEBRUARY 1982**

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*WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

# FLASHBACK

***PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE***

***Volume 32 ★ Number 1***

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***WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY***

# BILL CUSH'S TREK TO TEXAS

*by Pat Donat*

*Eccentric William Minor Quesenbury had a bad case of wanderlust which apparently hit at an early age. Before he went to California and before he married Adeline Parks of Cane Hill, he had already traversed the southwest.*

*"Eccentric" was the adjective applied to Bill Cush (as he was known) by the editor of the Arkansas Intelligencer in August of 1845 when he wrote a delegation of Cherokees had left to explore the uninhabited parts of Texas, west and southwest of Arkansas.*

*Bill Cush, then age 23, accompanied the Cherokees on the exploration trip to "gather up fragments in the West". The young man had already gained a reputation as a writer since the editor added, "The public may expect something interesting from his observations."*

*The Cherokees, according to Grant Foreman in the "Five Civilized Tribes" members of both the Old Settler and Treaty parties, determined to seek a home on the borders of Mexico. Foreman lists members of the delegation as being Charles Reece, Tessee Guess (son of George Guess), James Starr, Ezekiel Starr, Joseph M. Lynch, Dr. J.L. Thompson, Matthew Moore, John Harnage, Jess Mayfield and John A. Bell.*

*Foreman said the party, consisting of 43 members of the Treaty party and eleven of the Old Settlers, met at the forks of the Canadian and Arkansas rivers and proceeded by Fort Washita, crossing the Red River at Coffee's trading house, and followed the ridge dividing the waters of the Trinity and Brazos which they crossed at Basky Creek. They then went westward to the Colorado, reaching it at the mouth of the San Saba Creek, about 40 or 50 miles above its mouth, and returned on a route some 60 miles south of their outgoing trip, by way of Fort Towson.*

*Quesenbury's diary of his trip to California demonstrated he indeed had a way with words, and the diary he kept on this journey bears this out. His diary of the California trip was published in FLASHBACK in 1979.*

*The diary commences with the author departing from Van Buren on August 29, 1845.*

Friday, August 29

Left Van Buren at half past eleven o'clock in company with Jim Drennen, who of all my friends in that town was the only one that was interested in me to see me safe to the top of the hill.

Travelled as far as my mules would, or could, carry me. Passed Mc-Clellan's whilst they were at dinner there.

Arrived at the foot of the Boston Mountain just after dark, when I put up for the night.

Saturday, August 30

Started just after break of day. My pack fell from the mule three times in going up Boston.

Arrived at Evansville just as they were finishing breakfast. Learned to my great gratification the company would not start till tomorrow.

Simpson, Lewis Evans and myself rode over to George Harnage's, three miles, to see how they were getting on with their preparations.

Got back to Evans' at dinner. Spent the remainder of the day in perfecting my outfit.

Sunday, August 31

All preparation and hurry. At half past nine mounted my mule and set off in earnest for the "Great Southern Land".

Evans and Simpson accompanied me to Harnages'. In a little while we were all ready — and in a little while longer we all started — and in glee.

Jack Bell and Simpson (who went on with me as far as May's) stopped at Ned Starr's and got dinner.

We then went on and stopped at May's, one of the places of rendezvous where several joined us, all equipped and eager for the expedition.

> *Quesenbury named the following twelve men: Old Man Reese, Zeek Starr, Zeb Harnage, Calvin Adair, Jno. A. Adair, Jas. Starr, Billy Starr, Jack Starr, Hiram Creason, David Bell, Jno. A. Bell and Old Man Mayfield.*

These, with a goodly number of friends who escorted them for a short distance, went gaily off, singing, chatting, whooping as they went. At every friend's house as we passed, there would be a kind goodbye or some friendly word of parting.

Toward nightfall we lost many of our company, each one or nearly so, accompanying some friend or relative were for the night only.

Monday, September 1

Thus far I have come on my Texas expedition. I am now fairly off. There has been no romance so far — but I have been delighted notwithstanding. We staid for sometime today in a heavy shower at Carian's *(Carnahan's?)* and it drizzled for two or three hours. My pack got loose several times this evening, and I was vexed at having to stop so often and fix it, but after all I would not give this day's drizzle, provoking as it has been, for a whole year of a loafing life at Van Buren. George Harnage, David Bell and myself put up for the night at Sander's some four miles in advance of any of the rest of the company. Hurrah for Texas.

Left Sanders tolerably early — about seven. I heard the first Indian grace this morning, it was a very long one and sounded somewhat sad.

Our packs were continually falling off or getting disarranged. We, however got them to be steady in the course of an hour or so. Stopped for nearly two hours on a small stream — a tributary of the Salissaw*(?)*.

At night we stopped and encamped near Charley Griffith's. A mule or so got away. I took the precaution to tie mine to a tree.

Charley Griffith is a rare bird. He could not be persuaded to go on with us though he was exceedingly anxious to do so.

This is the first night we slept in the open air.

Tuesday, September 2

Got an early start. Charley Griffith was all ready, fully equipped. He said he couldn't stand it — he must go.

Travelled on — came to the Illinois and after an hour and a half's ride to the Arkansas.

Our company had now considerably increased and there were only two canoes for crossing. There was a hot sand beach on either side of the river — the sand was besprinkled with hot pebbles, and as a matter of course, we had a hot time of it.

We put our baggage in the canoes and drove our ponies and mules into the water. We got over safe — baggage, mules, horses and men. But I was unfortunate enough to lose my knife in the river, but I found it by taking the track line the canoes had made over the dam.

Stopped for a moment at Mackay's store.

Got to the camping ground just beyond Dundee about four miles from the river.

One and all are in high spirits, not a drop has been drunk of ardent spirits as yet.

There has been only one instance of disaffection. A man, by the name of Hardin, went back from the river. The sun was hot, the rocks were hot, the sand hot, he felt hot — and so forth. No one cares a cent if he did go back.

Can we well remain? We are joined by all our company.

Wednesday, September 3

Today for the first time I turned my mule loose. He followed well.

It is very strange that always after we camp some one knows of better water and range a few miles ahead. Bad regulations.

It is now half past two. We have been an hour and a half. Passed a drove of six hundred cattle today.

Elk Creek — this is the place only a few miles lower down that I stopped a few months ago when old Hannah charged me so high for sleeping on a pallet on the floor.

Jack Bell took a notion that he would go over to a spring to camp. He couldn't do without good water, accordingly over he went, but I preferred staying at this place.

Got the fiddle out and found there were several fiddlers in company — Marion and Harlan commenced a race, but it was decided that it was a draw. Marion est Harland nobis *(?)*.

Messed with Pierce Miller and his wife.

Thursday, September 4

Horses lost again. Nearly every mess has lost some. Mine were safe as usual. At length they were all found but one. Pierce Miller and several others remain on searching. The rest all started and it was half past nine before we got off. Two bee trees were found.

Lost our way after coming about fifteen miles. Turned back and camped near a fine spring about two miles from the place of our turning back.

There has been considerable amusement at the situation of Dr. Creason's falling into the river twice. He says, however, the horse threw him but once and that he threw the horse the next time.

Crossed the Canadian at about half past eleven.

This has been named Camp Mistake. No misnomer.

Cunningham and his mess lost a mule at the Canadian. Consequently they could not come on. They stayed a few miles back.

Friday, September 5

*(The diarist was not always careful to match the day of the week with the consecutive date of the month.)*

No horses lost at all this morning. Several of us went out a-squirrel hunting and killed nine.

A company started back to help hunt the lost mule. In about three hours they came back and we were all together once again.

Left Camp Mistake about three o'clock and come on as far as Brushy Creek — a creek most appropriately named.

Camped for the night. Called it Camp Holt.

Saturday, September 7

Went out a-hunting but before I did so I caught nine perch.

Cal's mule was lost and couldn't be found the whole day.

Some man was taken sick with the fever and we had to remain all day and night.

Went up with Bean and some others to kill one old buck which we saw run into a thicket. We couldn't find him, but raised a little doe which ran off before we could get a shot.

Our mess moved to find better range for our horses. We went up the creek some three miles or more. We stopped at a beautiful place with banks. This we call Camp Calvin *(?)*. Fished in the evening but caught nothing.

No entry for Sunday, September 7

Monday, September 8

Got a tolerably early start and went as far as some stream — the name no one of us knew. Some say it is Little Boggy — others that it is the South Fork of the Canadian. The latter I think right.

Fished and hunted this evening but was unsuccessful at both, with the slight exception of catching a small trout. At night the mosquitoes commenced biting and we found it impossible to sleep — and to make a finish to a most disagreeable night it rained most tremendously, about one o'clock; and cold winds blew till day. We all got wet, thoroughly wet. Some lost their powder.

Tuesday, September 9

Dried out blankets and clothing — This took till near eleven. We concluded to leave this place so we started out and went five or six miles and encamped for night.

Pierce Miller and George Harnage concluded to go back to Washington County. Price Griffith agreed to go too. This suited me exactly.

Wednesday, September 10

We started those that had concluded to go to the Washitas at twenty-nine after seven. Stopped at two o'clock and took on a snack of co-nar-ta and dried beef. Crossed a creek, the name of which we did not know. I scared up a gang of turkies, the largest of any I ever saw — camped about five miles from the creek at a branch.

Phinney Chisholm caught up with us.

Thursday, September 11

Got a tolerably early start. I forgot my rope about a mile from camp, went back and got it all right. I got a mile or so and found I had left my whip when I went back for my rope. Went back for it too.

Passed S.T. Trucker's but could not stop with my company. They stopped at a spring; passed them and did not see them; saw William Knox in the prairie driving a team. Got to the depot (Boggy), got dinner and my mule fed. Went on over the creek and camped.

Phinney Chism *(Chisholm)* beat us all shooting.

Friday, September 12

Horses all lost this morning. Mine and the rest were found, however, with the exception of three. Got off about nine. Came to a house. We all went in to get a drink of water.

Whilst we were getting it our horses took a stampede and ran helter skelter and every way. One of them mashed a big brass kettle. He left the print of his hoof on the bottom. All of us but Pierce Miller waited by a spring where the Chickasaws were camped. There were about a thousand of them. Went on to the council grounds. Saw Charley Galloway and O.C. *(families?)*. Glad to see

Charley in particular. He took me into a private room and gave me some whiskey. The first I've tasted since I left Evansville. Came on to a spring about a mile and a half in the prairie. Camped. This is the best place we have stopped at since we left.

Saturday, September 13

Pierce Miller and myself rode back to the coucil grounds. Left Pierce there and came back to camp.

Jack Griffith and George Harnage who had got with us at the council grounds, *(lines missing).*

Got to Fort Washita about 3 p.m. the same evening. The rest of our company came up. Saw Maj. Beall at home. Glad to see him indeed.

*Major Benjamin Lloyd Beall — commander at Fort Washita. Capt. of 2d Dragoons, 1836; made Major 1837 and Lt. Col. 1848. Died August 16, 1863.*

*Meanwhile, back in Van Buren, the Arkansas Intelligencer carried this item September 13: The Cherokee exploring party crossed Arkansas River at Webber's fall some days ago and we understand would go by Fort Towson. All well.*

Sunday, September 14

We concluded to wait till tomorrow for rations.

My uncle was out today, offered a reward of two dollars and my mule was found.

Went to Joe's Store and purchased more articles for my outfit.

Monday, September 15

Got rations at the Fort about twelve and left my mule in the charge of Borland and went ahead to Red River.

Met Jerry Curry, Kannady and Jno. Bean and Sam Hoskins and a man by the name of Mitchell in the prairie. Got down and took a horn *(?)* with them. Forded Red River and got to the Washitas just about sunset.

Maj. Beall, soon after I got there, came over and we both got gloriously drunk.

Tuesday, September 16

Rode up to Holland Coffee's home. Coffee was changed a great deal but he seemed to appear to be as noble as ever. Went back to the River and joined my company. Crossing, several of them got too much whiskey at the store — some went to quarreling —.

I left them. Stopped a poor drunken devil of a soldier on his way back to the Dragoons. We pitied him and were sorry we had no water. He was nearly famished.

Went by the Dragoon Camp. Saw Mr. Coffee, Major Beall and Canut *(?).*

Went over to our own camp. Charley Griffith had killed a deer.

*Holland Coffee was a trader at Fort Smith — Coffee, Colville and Co. 1835. Set up a trading post on Red River at what was called the Old Pawnee Village, 20 miles above Cross Timbers and 75 miles above the mouth of Washita River. First established in 1834 on north bank of Red River and surrounded by picket fortifications about 200 foot square.*

Wednesday, September 17

It was the conclusion this morning not to start till tomorrow. About twenty of us went out deer hunting. Two were killed. Borland looked ten years younger. The Dragoons went on.

Thursday, September 18

Got a tolerably good start but we had to leave two or three behind on account of lost horses.

Got trinket today from Moses McDaniel for twenty-five cents. *(No explanation for the underlining of these words was given.)*

At about half past four we passed the Dragoon encampment. We stopped in the middle of the prairie and camped on both sides of a river about three-quarters of a mile below and beyond the Dragoons.

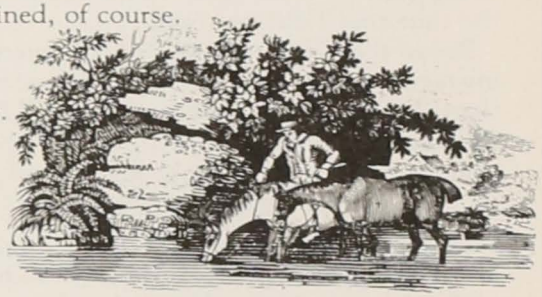
Some are not pleased with our encampment as usual but as Hawkins said of the wolf, "damn the difference".

Got David Bell and rode up to see Major Beall. Took supper with Earhardt and Major Beall gave me a fine bottle of whiskey. Thanks _____ _____ Major.

Did not stretch my tent and it rained, of course.

Friday, September 19

Laid by all day. Rained till twelve.



Saturday, September 20

Laid by again.

Sunday, September 21

About twelve we got started again. Got some twelve or fifteen miles and found water about three miles further on the waters of Trinity, or rather, hollows of Trinity.

Went out with Fornta a-hunting. After getting to a good hunting ground Fornta's horse got loose from him and ran back to camp.

Found some specimens of minerals. I know not what kind, appeared to be plenty of it. This was on the west side of a slope — about three miles from camp. In the evening, late, we drove all the horses down to a pond of water about three miles — four deer killed today.

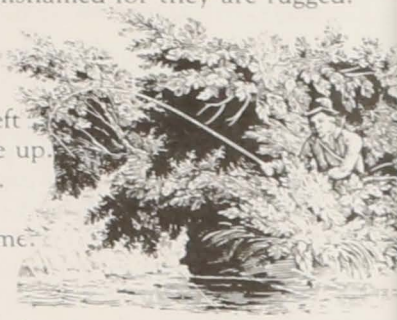
No entry for Monday, September 22

Tuesday, September 23

We got off near eleven and came to the Elm Fork of the Trinity which we crossed and encamped near, in the bottom. The range is good, pea vine is abundant.

Wednesday, September 24

Pierce Miller and myself and several others came up to W. King's where there was a blacksmith shop. Fixed our gear. Came back and fished. I*('ve)* caught a good many large _____ blue cats since I camped here. We are now in the Cross Timbers, the celebrated Cross Timbers of which I have heard so much during my life. These timbers are not misnamed for they are rugged.



Thursday, September 25

Stayed at camp all day. The sick that we left at the spring at the cottonwood cannot come up.

Fished but caught nothing but a few perch.

Mr. Keenon, a man who is going with us to the Brazos, camped with us for the first time.

Friday, September 26

Started at ½ past nine. Travelled very well. Got to a man's house by the name of Kinon *(?)*. There were a couple of good-looking girls; it did me good to see them — I was glad — I did my best to entertain them and I fancied at the time that I did very well.

Passed the Cedar Spring. This is a pretty place but I never saw worse looking men anywhere. They were all drunkards. Jeff Tilly had a kind of grog shop there. I did not alight but went on with Price and the rest of the company to the Trinity where we are.

*For some reason Quesenbury expanded on the September 20 entry. Under that date he wrote further:*

This morning a person came in and said he had seen a man going across the prairie riding one horse and leading another. As this looked suspicious several others, McCoy, Miller, Harland and two or three others went out in pursuit. We ran far ahead of the rest to the top of the hill (McCoy and myself) and looked around in every direction but saw nothing for some time. But, on looking more closely by a skirt of timber we saw a man on horseback seemingly trying to hide behind it. He was about a mile off. By this time Pierce Miller and the rest of the company had got up. McCoy and myself with Jim Starr immediately laid whip on and took after the suspicious character but then he commenced running his horse too. We went over the top of a ridge and we lost sight of him for some time. When we got to the top of the ridge which he had just crossed we had nearly come up with him, but when we did so we surprised him, for we were going at full speed. *(One line too faded to read.)* ... its side sweating and its mouth wide open, we found out the thief was Mose

McDaniel, one of our company; the man who hired me the blanket. Mose says he was not frightened, but whether he was or not we had a fine _____ at him.

This place ought to go by the name of Camp Lost Horses for we had more trouble here than at any other place since our departure. Borland lost his and Alberty his.

Three days, the 18th, 19th and 20th of September were certainly the most unpleasant we have had thus far.

*(Quesenbury then resumed his diary.)*

Saturday, September 27

Left the Trinity at half past seven. Travelled on without stopping till the sun was about three hours high and camped in the prairie about fifteen miles from the river.

Saw a wagon and men returning from the buffalo country. They say that we will see buffalo tomorrow morning.

Good luck! They are getting near for they have been forty-five miles off since we left Red River. Anyhow we will see them in two or three days and no mistake.

Good times, never felt better, or happier in my life.

Miss Mary — Miss May — Susan !!!!

*Quesenbury doesn't note letters he wrote in his diary but on this same date the Arkansas Intelligencer carried a letter from him to Judge G.W. Paschal which was printed. The letter, except for portions, is impossible to decipher.*

Sunday, September 28

Went out and drove up my mules immediately after breakfast and we started. I see on yesterday we would be certain to find buffalo this evening. Here we are only 13 miles from where we started from this morning and no buffaloes. Saw Lewis Evans' brother-in-law in the prairie. He told us we would see thousands very soon, especially if we turned to the left.

Stopped and checked my tent at a creek about two miles from this, but my mess would not stop. I was compelled to make up and go on. It had just finished raining.

When we had gone about two miles a heavy cloud ahead forced us to hunt water and we turned into the left of Billy Penn. This home we called Camp Creason. It has been a very wet rainy evening.

Monday, September 29

It rained nearly all night last night but has cleared off before *(we moved ?)*. Mr. Reese, I forgot to mention, killed a deer yesterday evening. Keeton *(Kenton ?)* killed one this morning. Miller, the two guides, Jack and Charley Griffith, old Borland, Chambers, Nelson, Harlan and John Gunter went ahead to Mill Creek. We found three or four children there. Surely there can be no danger of Indians when a father leaves his little children here. Went up to a house and got a pumpkin from a young man named Batie *(?)*.

Tuesday, September 30

It rained all night last night. No horses lost. Lynch was so unwell that we could not travel. We want to leave him and his mess. The travelling was very fatiguing as the road was very muddy.

Today for the first time we saw buffalo. They were about three miles to the left. Borland and myself ran after them but we could not get a shot.

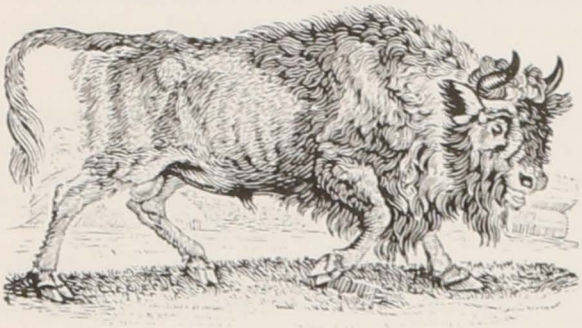
We lost the track of the rest of our company at a creek, the name of which I think is Oak Creek. Whilst Old Borland was hunting for it beyond a hill, I saw an Indian coming at full speed towards me. He appeared to be a Caddo. We heard the whooping at the Camp and went to it. After we got there I bought a buffalo tongue from the Caddo. Jack Griffith swapped horses with me. Staked out.

Wednesday, October 1

Travelled only about ten miles today. Met a man soon after we had started and he seemed frightened, very much. He had taken us for Indians.

We have a beautiful camping place; it is a half mile from the road on the left hand side. Mesquite trees are plentiful and we have fine grass.

Thursday, October 2



Nearly all of us went out after buffalo this morning and nearly all of us killed a buffalo. So for myself, I made my maiden shot this morning and was successful. I killed a thundering big bull.

Pierce Miller killed his first too this morning.

After we had eaten a snack we all went over the buffalo that had been killed. Charley Griffith and Jack had skinned a bull that Charley had killed when I got to him.

Came back tired and exhausted.

Friday, October 3

Stayed at Camp till near eleven, when I started back to Ash Creek a-hunting my wallet of drawing crayons which I missed today.

Came back without finding it. Shot an old buffalo bull on the ridge by our old camp which I know I must have killed. Got back just as the sun was setting. Found out that Old Borland had been telling lies about one of the buffaloes that I had killed. I want to take his ears off. God damn his old soul!

Saturday, October 4

I was persuaded to go back to Hico *(?)* Creek to see what had become of a number of our company. Met them after about a six mile ride. Returned to camp. In the morning we all moved over about a mile and camped near a fine branch of the Washita. Borland kept today for Sunday.

Sunday, October 5

The Griffin mess started ahead. We concluded to stay here a while longer. Some went a-hunting and others whiled away the time at Camp as they could.

Monday, October 6

Holt's mess followed Griffin's. We were left alone, however Parish staid. Went up in the evening and took a drawing of a little pond about a quarter of a mile above this. No news of Billy and Starr's messes yet.

Tuesday, October 7

It rained as hard last night as it *(ever)* has done since the flood, twenty days of much rain, and now a deluge on the earth again. Passed a very unpleasant night, all the skinned buffalo meat has been put into my tent with a lot of saddles and the like; the mouth of the tent was closed and the air within became stagnant and offensive. The rain pelted down in torrents all the while; and there was no earthly remedy for the state of things.

Lynch's big tent was blown down and some had to take the weather.

The morning did not give us promise of better weather. There was a constant drizzling and the clouds betokened a long continuation of it. We resolved to leave this place as we could not take the weather; accordingly, we packed up and left but before we did leave Parish and myself went over and hunted for my pipe.

Came on about seven miles and found Holt's and Griffin's messes encamped at a small branch. Pitched our tents and concluded to wait there till we heard something of those behind.

Parish, with Shullring *(?)*, Jim Starr and Hone *(?)* John Adair, John Gunter and Nelson went ahead to the Cherokee Ridge. It still continues to drizzle.

Wednesday, October 8

A party of ten or fifteen went out to kill wild hogs. I hope to God they may be successful for I want some fresh pork exceedingly. I spent the morning on drying and sunning my damp clothes. About three o'clock Jack Bell's mess came up and soon afterwards Mr. Fields'.

Just at dark McDaniel and Holt came in and reported thousands and tens of thousands of buffaloes *(are)* six miles from here. It was agreed on all sides to go and kill some of them tomorrow.

Thursday, October 9

Soon as breakfast was over all that could were on their way to the buffaloes. We had not got within a mile when we saw them coming directly towards us. They were not at within more than a hundred yards away before we took after them and into the chase. One was killed. After riding a few miles they began to be very plentiful and every one was firing at and scaring them in every direction. The lock of my gun got out of order *(and)* spoiled my part of the sport, but I sat down and remedied it somewhat, and killed a tremendous old bull. Miller and Lynch also killed one they had been shooting at about a dozen times.

Returned to camp about sunset, wearied out. We had abundance of meat (all for nothing however.).

Friday, October 10

Miller's horse and two or three others were gone. Hunting was done in every direction to no purpose. It was concluded that all the messes should go on to the Cherokee village with the exception of Lynch's and Bell's.

About ten or a little later I started over in search of the lost horses, but could not find them. Got back to camp just at dark, more fatigued even than I was yesterday.

I have been lucker today than I ever was before in my whole life. I also saw a great many deer. I killed one turkey, but could not get a shot at a deer; they were in the open prairie and very wild.

I also saw, for the first time in my life, a drove of antelopes. They are the most beautiful animals my eyes ever have beheld. They followed me for some distance but my luck had got out of order again.

Saturday, October 11

I forgot to mention that last night about a half hour after night, Calvin Adair, who had gone back after a lost coat, found the horses that ran away yesterday and brought them back. But he did not find his coat and he and Jack Bell went back this morning to get it.

At about half past eight we started to the Cherokee village, confident that we would soon get there, as John Adair had pledged his word that we were not more than seven miles. We travelled steadily all day but did not reach here till sunset. So much for Honest John's truth.

A mule today at a creek left the path and kept down the stream which detained us for while but it was found about a mile back on the road. It is reported that these Cherokees at the village are embittered against the Whites and that it would not be safe for one of us to be out alone. I pay no attention to it — comes from a source not to be relied upon.

They appear friendly too, for they brought out a fiddle and played a good while after supper. One of them played exceedingly well. They are living in mere camps made of bark and poles. They have plenty of buffalo meat and hominy and seem to be perfectly happy.

It is said that there is a band of Commanches near here, but have seen no person that has seen them.

*The Arkansas Intelligencer on October 11 published: "The company of Cherokees who have gone out to explore the country upon the Colorado were, from last accounts in fine health and spirits. Our information is up to the time they left Fort Washita."*

Sunday, October 12

Went down to the river to water my mules. I had expected to find the Brazos but a mere creek, but to my surprise it is a considerable river, quite as large as Red River and appearing generally as much water. It is muddy as the most southern streams and has nothing peculiarly different from the Arkansas and the Red Rivers.

The Texas Cherokees are in Council, about what I do not know and suppose they are in the same condition themselves. Heard not a few of their own headmen _____ _____ _____ and things seem to bid fair for an old-fashioned Indian talk, such as they used to have in the time of their forefathers.

Took my gun and went into the bottom a-hunting. As I came back I passed through the "patches" of watermelon and pumpkins. Some of our company turned their horses into them last night. By chance I found a pumpkin which they had left. I brought it to camp and set about cooking it. A villainous faced creature, named Keenon made some remarks as to the propriety of my taking it. I am nettled and shall remember him for it henceforward.

6 o'clock p.m.: The Indians have decided to send over for some chiefs among the wild tribes and make some arrangement with him about our journey to the Colorado.

Monday, October 13

My pack mule was lost. Hunted for him two or three hours but could not find him. Sam Farlane however drove him up.

Amazed myself by washing my clothes. This is romance in the woods with a perfect horror.

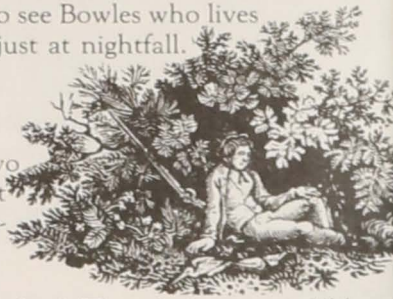
Saw some live oak trees this morning. They are about a half mile from Camp on the bench of prairie, adjoining the bottom.

Sam Marrs and some others went out and killed a buffalo; it comes most opportunely as we have no fresh meat, am somewhat tired of pork and buffalo and venison. Dr. Thompson, Dave Bell, Price Martin and some others went down to trading house. They got back just at sunset, it is eight miles distance.

Saw the Mexican dog this morning the Cherokees have, as bare of hair as

the skin of my hand and black as the raven. Bare except for its ears and tail, they have a light sprinkling of hair on their ears and on the end of its tail.

Mr. Reese, Holt and Jack Griffin went up to see Bowles who lives about five miles above here. They returned just at nightfall.



Tuesday, October 14

No horses lost, I believe, today. It is now two o'clock p.m. and the wild Indians have not come over to council. It is more than probable that they will not be here.

Borland is lying sick and it is scarcely probable that he can recover, he is very low indeed. The whole camp is lifeless and lazy, no life or animation of any kind. Some are cooking meat, some eating, others playing while some are sleeping.

Those who went down to the trading house yesterday brought some mules in with them. For the first time in my life they have been palatable to me. They are now delicious. We have onions in great abundance *(and)* honey over Coney Creek beyond the Colorado.

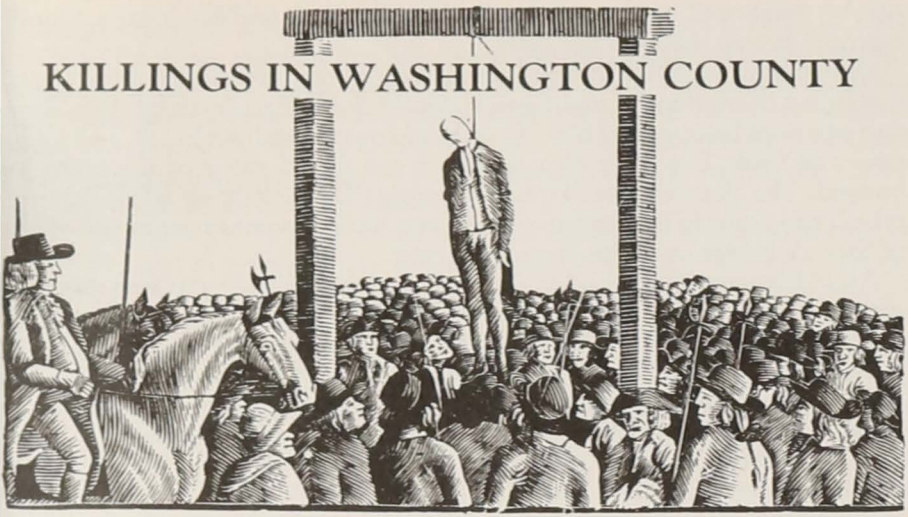
This morning for about the first time I have felt a languor and weariness. There is nothing exciting in lying thus about camp and there is no game within four or five miles worth hunting for. Perhaps I may take my paper and go and kill some turkey in the bottom. Perhaps I shall not. I wonder whether my friends behind ever think of me — but I am certain that some do, my creditors — God bless them. How cheering it is, away out here in this wilderness of the Brazos to know that there are persons whom we have left that remember — give him a thought — Here is a friend beside me — one that heard me before — my old gray pipe. His words are but smoke and his breath a common fragrance, free for all as well as for myself yet.

"Thy clouds all other _____
and _____ me in delight"

But I have thought of my friends and wished them well. I have wished myself and my enemies well; and perhaps should the same distance intervene that now lies between us I would never utter a harsh thought, to break the serenity of the pure skies that smile beyond my vision. The moon is now full and were I bereft of every other thing familiar to my sight, she would console me. How long and often have I gazed upon her face when love's bright fingers pointed out her beauties — nothing now but memory directs my eyes _____ _____ _____ _____ and the heaviest _____ _____ _____ fall on my heart and the _____ _____ _____ wind as wit _____ _____

*(Bill Cush's diary of the rest of his trip to San Antonio and home again will be continued in future issues of FLASHBACK.)*

# KILLINGS IN WASHINGTON COUNTY



*by Lloyd McConnell*

The early days of Washington County were not free of crime. Many of the new settlers carried a pistol or a rifle, partly for self-protection and often to provide wild meat for the table. As late as 1900 it was common for the young men to go to a chivaree or play-party with a pearl-handled pistol tucked in their waistband. A drink or two of liquor and they would get out in the road and shoot the pistol to show how tough they were. Afterwards they turned farmers and settled down to be good citizens.

The old court records tell us of a slave woman who murdered her mistress. Since the Sheriff was a long ways off and rode a horse, the men of the community held a court, appointed a judge and jury and condemned the slave woman to hang. She was promptly loaded onto a casket made from rough boards, driven under a limb on a tree and the wagon driven out from under her. Such was the fate of Caroline, a slave of the Buchanans, who claimed she had killed two mistresses. A careful check of the ground near the old school house at White Chapel might disclose the remains of an ancient tree once used for hangings.

Near Cane Hill, in 1839, a family was almost wiped out by a band of ruffians dressed as Indians, who broke into a house, killed the father and several children to obtain some money they thought the settler was hiding. The mother and a child escaped and notified the neighbors and search was begun. Finally three suspicious persons were taken into custody, a court was organized with the most prominent men of the area serving, and three men were hanged for the crime. Later a fourth suspect was captured and hanged.

There was no appeal in those early trials, and the sentence of the citizens' committee was promptly carried out, usually the next morning at daylight. Having been a participant in the courts of our county for many years, I note that today, even when a death sentence was meted out for a vicious killing, the execution seldom takes place and many appeals and stays are granted.

Maybe we should have court on Friday afternoon and hang early Monday morning before the mail goes out.

Near Elkins, in 1854, Doctor Boone, a prominent physician of the county, was called to his door at night and viciously clubbed to death by three slaves, two of whom belonged to him. They were arrested and put in jail, and a court trial was held. The slave of a neighbor was found guilty of the crime and hanged. The doctor's two slaves were released, but on their way home were taken into custody by a group of men and hanged somewhere in the vicinity of Stone's bridge over the West Fork river.

An old letter written in 1843 discloses that one Silas Enyart was shot while eating breakfast. His assailant escaped and was never captured, although two men were arrested for the crime. They were released.

Major Ridge, a Cherokee chief, enroute to Fort Smith was shot from his horse while crossing a small creek north of Dutch Mills. This killing was believed to be a result of the Ridge-Ross feud between the Indians who came to this country from the Carolinas in 1839, along the Trail of Tears. His son was killed the same night near Southwest City, Missouri. The son's widow, Sarah Ridge, moved with her children to Fayetteville to occupy what is now Ridge House.

From Wyatt Espy, University, Alabama, comes a story printed by the New York Times on March 15, 1853, detailing the hanging of Aldred, a slave of Mr. William Stephens of Fayetteville, who had been convicted for the killing of his mother. He was promptly hanged. Thank you, Mr. Espy. From *Hell On The Border* comes the report of the hanging of one Leach, charged with the March 8, 1875, slaying of John Wadkins, who lived some miles west of Fayetteville. Wadkins rode a horse to town and Leach walked beside him, carrying a rifle. Other information is not available.

During the Civil War murders were common — perpetrated by gangs of renegades and night riders. Since the county was divided between its sympathies for the North and the South, it promoted ugly feelings even between members of the same families. Organized bands rode over the countryside, killing when necessary or wanted, and robbing the kitchens, storehouses and gardens for food.

Near Strickler, Thomas Wilhite, a Lieutenant in the Union Army, was captured and hanged while on a trip to visit his family. His father was hanged with him. The Wilhite women cut the bodies down and buried them at Strickler.

In Evansville a feud between the Shannons and Fishers erupted and some were killed. This feud was apparently caused by gambling and putting up a horse for the debt. During the course of the feud several people were killed at and around Evansville.

Our court records show that Thomas Dye was shot and killed on November 15, 1877, and a grand jury indicted a neighbor. Lewis Barnes was killed at Cincinnati in 1877. John Thomas was killed by being struck on the head with a shovel. John Lankfalter was reported shot by a couple of fellows on June 10, 1882, and John Long was killed on July 10, 1881, clubbed to death.

George Ellis died as a result of a shotgun blast on May 14, 1885. In 1881, one John Reed was jailed in Fayetteville by the city law officers, and during a struggle was shot and killed. Sometime later, as two city marshalls were talking on the corner of the square, a group of horsemen rode by, shot and killed the two lawmen, and rode away. No arrests were made, although many people attending a dance at a nearby hotel witnessed the killings. In the dark it was impossible to identify the bandits.

"Old Barlow", a very popular pocket-knive, was used in the early days by people engaged in combat, and usually caused the death of one of the opponents. Such was the fate of Allen Anderson who died from knife wounds on October 7, 1889, and Joseph F. Rich of Prairie Grove suffered fatal knife wounds in a fight. Such, too, was the fate of a young West Fork man named Curtis, who imbibed a bit too much of the alcoholic liquors of the day, and challenged anyone who dared to a friendly fight at Woolsey. The affray ended with a stabbing and young Curtis died from the wounds in 1893.

**Received Too Late for Inclusion on QUERIES Page:**

Mrs. Jean Wall, 17315 Club Hill Drive, Dallas, TX 75248 is interested in learning of Jackson MAYFIELD who was on 1837 Washington County, Arkansas tax list with James, Sutherland, and William MAYFIELD. My grandfather was Walker Allen MAYFIELD, the son of James Allen MAYFIELD, b. 1836 in Arkansas. My MAYFIELD was in Texas by 1858. I am trying to find the father of my James Allen MAYFIELD. I do not know if Jackson MAYFIELD is the father.

# QUERIES

Lynda Galyen, Route 1, Garfield, AR 72732 writes: John Washington CLARDY m. Martha Ann SEEDS. John's father was James ? CLARDY who married first Susan ? GIBSON. James CLARDY'S father was Austin CLARDY. Who was Austin's first wife? His second wife was Anna COFFELT. James' second wife was Eliza ? (maybe RICE). Susan's parents were Shaderack GIBSON and Sarah DUTTON GIBSON? Where are these people buried?

Mrs. Charles Long, 2721 Allen Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46203 has two queries. (1) Owen OWEN left Putnam Co., Indiana after 1851 with second (?) wife Jane KELLEY who was much younger. Owen was a minister over 65. Owen and Jane had four known children: George W., Owen J., Mary D. and Willis. Pastor of the Doe Creek Baptist Church in Putnam County, Indiana. Other wife Delilda, possible maiden name OWEN. One daughter married Colebird DeWITT, son of William and Clarkey (RUSSELL) DeWITT. Would appreciate Bible information on both of his families. Need sisters and brothers of Rachel. Will exchange information. (2) Much interested in the WHITLEY/WHITELY family and kin. Francis Marion ("Frank") left Virginia after 1880 census, married in the west. Whom did he marry? Francis was son of Samuel and Rebecca (BROWN). Will exchange all WHITLEY/WHITELY. Long SASE, please.

Moya Fay Blevins, 913 Parsons Place, Santa Ana, CA 92703: I would appreciate any help in connection with BLEVINS, SWIFT, SMITH or ANTHONY.

Mrs. Robert E. Gambill, 1420 Parker Street, Springfield, OR 97477 is searching for information on the MARRS families, particularly John H. Marrs, born in Arkansas around 1851, city and county unknown.

Earl F. Arnett, 4363 Olentangy Boulevard, Columbus, OH 43214 needs any information on Naomi NEWTON, head of household, 1830 census of Washington County, AR which also lists two girls and one boy named Asa Richardson NEWTON.

Mrs. Madaline Haddock Krueger, 1145 Shetler Avenue, Napa, CA 94559 would like to correspond with anyone who has connections with the COLLUM family. COLLUM, Soloman, b. 1806 Tennessee, m. 1835 Georgia, d. 20 January 1866, Montgomery County, Arkansas. Wife Nancy, b. 1809 Georgia, d. 20 December 1877, Mount Ida, Montgomery County, Arkansas. They were Nancy Jane COLLUM'S parents (my gr-gr-grandparents) and had at least ten children whose names I have. Nancy Jane COLLUM, b. 1837 Georgia, d. 1862-1863 Mount Ida, Montgomery County, Arkansas, m. Benjamin P. Fields, 12 April 1857, Mount Ida, Arkansas. She died during the

Civil War, leaving three small children: William, Mary Elizabeth, David Fields. After her death and the end of the Civil War he and children moved on, settling at Salem Springs, Washington County, Arkansas where he married Nancy Powell PHILLIPS. There they raised a large family, both died and buried near Salem Springs, he being the last postmaster there.

Mrs. Martha L. Perkins, Route 2, Box 4530, Nacogdoches, Texas 75961, wants to help her 77-year-old mother find her beginnings. May Smith Northcutt thinks she was born about 1905 but does not know where or the exact date. She has the following early childhood recollections.

She remembers living in a farmhouse close to an Indian reservation and she played with the Indian children. She had a sister, possibly a twin. They were both playing in a woodpile and something bit or stung the sister and she died. Some women came out of the house, picked them both up and carried them into the house. May was too young then to remember where it was or the name of the little sister who died.

She believes she had older brothers Howard, Ernest and William, and an older sister Lena (or Leona) and still another older sister who had five children. She does not know why, but she thinks Lena's husband was a bank employee.

She recalls that one of her brothers was kicked in the stomach by a pair of young mules and once she was pushed out of an apple tree by a brother and broke her shoulder. A doctor came to the house to treat her.

May has a mental picture of her father as a big, tall, red-faced man; and of her mother as a tall, thin, blackheaded woman. She herself was tall as a child, was blonde, blue-eyed, and has a large white mole between her eyebrows. She believes her father died of asthma when she was very young.

At about age five, she was asleep on a pallet behind a wood stove in their farmhouse and was awakened by two ladies crying, "Oh, my God, her mother is dead!" She was given to a Mr. and Mrs. Stride and was started in school while living with them, but where? Mr. Stride was a one-eyed man. When Mrs. Stride was expecting a child, she gave May to a Wright family.

She left with the Wrights in a wagon train of several families, but none of the Smiths were in the caravan. Thus began the circumstances where she lost track of her family. She has memories of camping beside a creek and across it were some Indians. When they arrived at Rock Springs, Edward County, Texas, the Wright family gave May to Mr. and Mrs. Benskin and they later gave her to Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard of Rock Springs. She attended public school in Rock Springs in 1914 with the Sweeten girls and the Benskin girls. A storm blew the school away in 1927 so no records are available. She has a copy of her baptism at the First Baptist Church in Rock Springs in 1910, but no age or date is recorded. Orphanage records show that on April 3, 1916 J.D. Sheppard placed her in St. Peter-St. Joseph's Catholic orphanage in San Antonio, but their records do not give any clues to her family history.

She thinks her mother may have been Mary Cook or Mary Cox and that her father may have been John Smith.

With this trail of memories, can someone please help May discover her past?

# THE RURAL SCHOOLHOUSE

*by Lloyd McConnell*

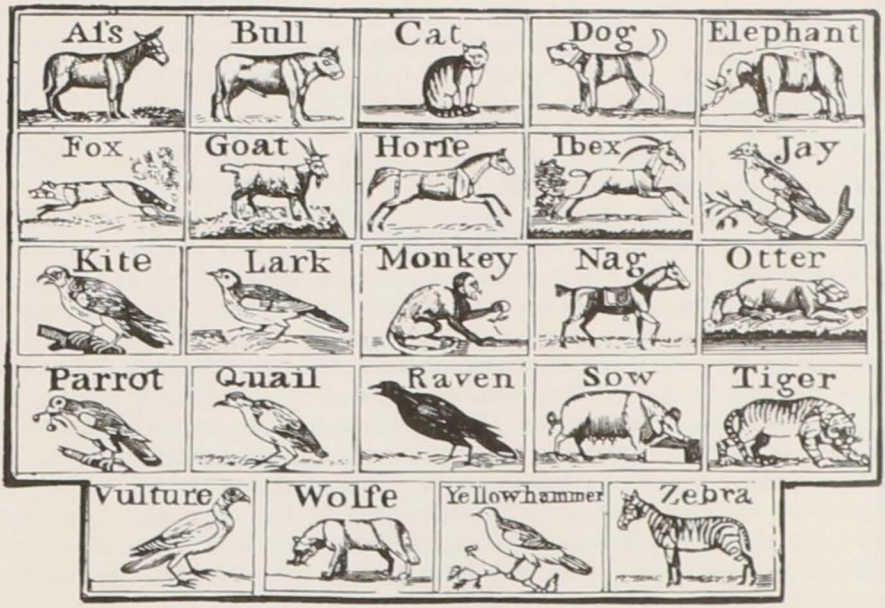
Scattered over rural Washington County are the remains of some 150 schoolhouses, many of them the one-room type. Most were presided over by a single teacher, who also kept the stove warm, the floor swept and the place cleaned up for Sunday school or church on Sunday morning. Drinking water was drawn in a bucket from a nearby well or spring.

First graders said their lessons first in the morning, followed by the second and third graders and so on, each class going to the front of the room for its recitation. The highest grades, with their arithmetic and spelling, usually were sent to the blackboards.

## Teachers Paid $10 to $30 Per Month

School usually started at 8:30 in the morning, with a morning recess, lunch and playtime at noon, and an afternoon break for play and recreation. Dismissal was about 4 o'clock. In the 1880's, a term of school lasted three or four months, with families paying tuition or subscription. Teachers were paid from $10 to $30 per month, sometimes in money, but in many cases board was furnished as part of their pay. My father said that when his salary was raised from ten dollars to fifteen dollars per month, he asked a young lady to marry him. That was in 1885.

Arithmetic, reading and writing — the three R's — were required, but other studies were added; grammar, geography, spelling and such. If you were not busy, most teachers said you could practice writing. And by gollies, when the kids got out of school they could sign their names!



## One Hundred Students in One Room

Modern school reports express indignation and helplessness when a class has more than thirty students. Pity those early day teachers who sometimes had 80 to 100 kids in their school room. One such school with a larger enrollment was old district 77 (Eureka), located a mile or two east of Cincinnati. The following listing of its 1885 student body was furnished by Reed Thomason of Lincoln.

### District 77 Student Body, 1885

BABB, C.
BABB, H.
BARNES, William
BARTEL, E.E.
BARTEL, Pheba
BEATY, E.
BEATY, W.C.
BELCHER, L.A.
BELCHER, T.N.
BRANTLEY, F.
BRANTLEY, Glen
BRANTLEY, J.W.
BRANTLEY, M.
BRANTLEY, N.E.
BROOKSHIRE, A.
BROOKSHIRE, Frank
BROOKSHIRE, L.J.
CANFIELD, Vera
CATES, Frank
CATES, Nona
CATES, Tom
CHAPMAN, C.F.
CHAPMAN, Ed
CHAPMAN, S.S.
CHAPMAN, Vera
CHRISTIAN, F.J.
CHRISTIAN, L.
CHRISTIAN, S.E.
CHRISTIAN, T.N.
COLLINS, A.
COLLINS, E.
COLLINS, L.
COLLINS, Lizzie
COLLINS, V.
FUSSELLMAN, A.E.
FUSSELLMAN, C.S.
FUSSELLMAN, G.W.
GILBREATH, Anna
GILBREATH, C.
GILBREATH, Ella
GILBREATH, Sammy
GILBREATH, William
GILBREATH, Winnie
GILES, Homer
GILES, J.
GILES, M.
GODARD, C.
GODARD, L.
GUDGEL, Ed
HENDERSON, E.
HENDERSON, Sam
HOLT, Amanda
HOLT, Fanny
HOLT, M.
HOLT, Nancy
HOLT, Zeb
HUDSON, A.N.
HUDSON, M.A.
HUDSON, Sam
HUDSON, S.M.
HUDSON, T.J.
JOHNSON, J.F.
JOHNSON, J.M.
JOHNSON, L.
JOHNSON, L.F.
JOHNSON, M.
JOHNSON, O.
JOHNSON, S.D.
KING, A.
KING, C.
KING, C.
KING, F.
MACKIE, Jennie
MARRS, M.
MAY, Amanda
MAY, Belle
MAY, David
MENSCH, A.C.
MENSCH, J.
MOORE, H.F.
MOORE, M.J.
MORROW, Agnes
MORROW, C.
MORROW, David
O'BRIEN, H.G.
O'BRIEN, M.B.
OWENS, L.
OWENS, Sam
PHELAN, Dora
PHELAN, J.M.
PHELAN, T.
RANDOLPH, B.F.
RANDOLPH, Otey
RANDOLPH, S.A.
REED, Frank
REED, Lizzie
SALLEE, Fanny
SALLEE, N.E.
SMITH, G.C.
SMITH, Henry
SMITH, J.M.
SPEARS, Jasper
THOMASON, M.E.
THOMASON, T.N.
THURMAN, C.
THURMAN, F.D.
THURMAN, George
THURMAN, H.B.
THURMAN, J.D.
THURMAN, J.E. (Ed)
TRALLIS, Frank
TRALLIS, L.
WALKER, A.

## FROM THE *ARKANSAS GAZETTE*

August 25, 1856 — We invite special attention to the advertisement of "Arkansas College" at Fayetteville, which appears in our columns today. With entire confidence that we are, thereby, contributing our mite to the good cause of education, and to the true interests of all who appreciate it, we cordially commend this noble Institution to the favorable consideration and liberal patronage of all who have boys to educate and desire to educate them well.

In respect of education itself, in this age of the world, when all who claim to be enlightened concede it to be, in all temporal concerns, the basis of every other interest, as well public as personal, in the State, it cannot be necessary for us to do more, in its general advocacy, than to inform our readers where it may be acquired under the most favorable circumstances; and this we unquestionably do, with entire justice to all parties, and with much satisfaction to our self, in thus pointing to Arkansas College. This Institution has now been in operation, under a charter from our State, for several years. Founded upon correct preinciples, and conducted by gentlemen who are possessed of all those high qualities of head and heart which not only deserve but command success — in whose souls' vocabulary, indeed, "there is no such word as fail"...


# ST. MARY'S,

*RALEIGH N. C.*

A Girls' School of Highest Grade.

**56th Year.**

Easter Term Begins January 27, 1898.

School-building admirably equipped with Laboratory, Libraries, and fine Gymnasium. Superior advantages in Art and Music. Special attention to thorough instruction on the violin. Bedsteads, Springs, and Mattresses new throughout and of the best material.

**CERTIFICATE ADMITS TO VASSAR.**

# A MONEY PUMP IN THE BACK YARD?

*by Burlene Hilton and Ruth Holt Payne*

Some fifty years ago Lincoln was a small but self-sustained town supported by agricultural products and several small businesses. There were two doctors, a dentist, a small hospital, hotel and stores of various kinds. It had everything it needed and if the town was poor, it didn't know it.

Then, when the magic word "oil" was circulated around it produced a visionary aspect of what might be. Lincoln had its one get-rich-quick opportunity — and missed. This happened in the spring of 1929, the year the Wall Street crash preceding the unforgettable drought-depression years, and folks must have looked back in regret at what might have been when they saw dying trees hung with wizened apples and fields reduced to stubble.

No one knows exactly, but all informants agree it must have started when Charlie King drilled a well to supplement the water he was using from Judge King's fine spring for his canning factory and got "funny" water. It might be tainted with oil; also the soil in that area was typical oil soil. Oil! Could Lincoln ever be so lucky? Visions of derricks pumping black gold into the small town's coffers raced through the minds of citizens.

A Mr. Ellis, retired oil man from Texas, headed a group including Alf Wright and his mother, Mrs. Mariah Wright from Texas, a Mr. Blood, Olva Glidewell, H.C. Richey and others whose names are not recalled, to prospect for oil. They called a geologist known only as Captain Alley from Eureka Springs to test the soil. He agreed that it had elements indicative of oil and a company was formed.

Mr. Ellis and Olva Glidewell went to Tulsa and sold $10,000 worth of shares. Then Mr. Ellis went to Texas where he sold more shares. Alf Wright and his mother as well as others in this area, invested in the company.

The company of Bokley Shields and Don Baker from Tulsa were employed. They set their rig and went to work with the enthusiastic approval of the citizens. A log of the depth reached was kept each day and the type of soil encountered. Mr. Glidewell says a vein of coal was discovered in the process; it was about six feet thick and he thinks it might be found in a nearby valley.

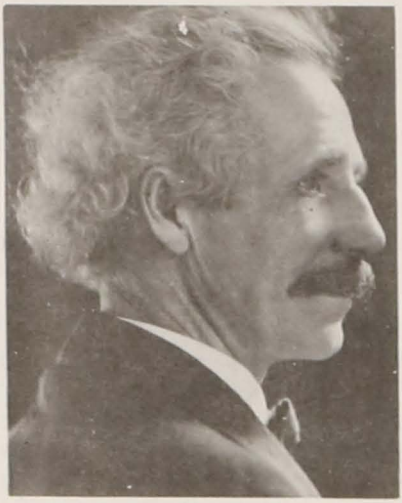
At last some oil and gas was said to be found but some of the people doubted it. The Lincoln Sun, dated April 17, 1929 says that at 450 foot depth in a limestone formation, "One of our good citizens should be so thankful he still has his eyesight as not to be offended when we mention the loss of his hair and eyebrows when he experimented too closely with the business end of our gas pipe at the oil derrick." Mr. Glidewell says Lew Haws lit a match to see if gas was really there. It blew his hat off, singed his hair and eyebrows.

At 1400 feet, suddenly, the money was all gone. No more was forthcoming, and the oil company, still believing that oil was there, reluctantly pulled their rig and departed.

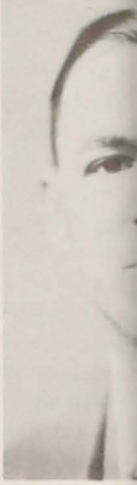
*(And now — in 1982 — $250,000 is being gambled to see, again, if the gas that still bubbles from the ground after a heavy rain, is commercially valuable!)*

# All Familiar Faces From Our DOLLY S

*Uncle Walt Lemke*



*Julius H. Field*

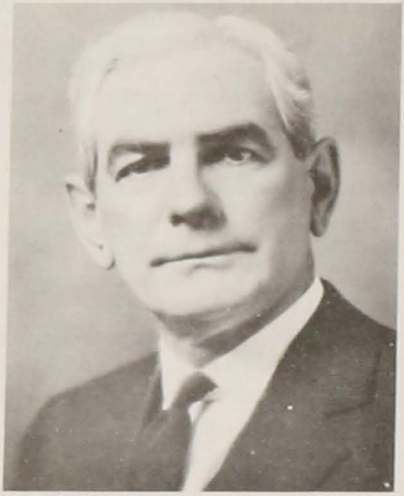


*A.*

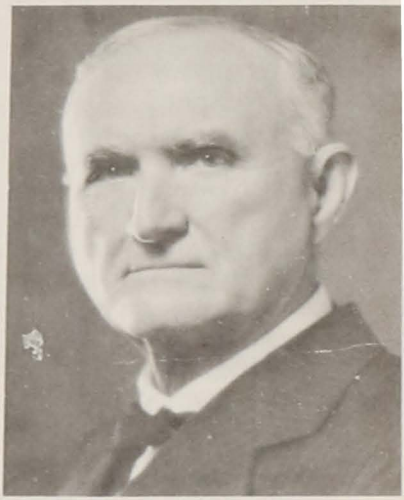
*Maude Duncan*

*A.S. Gregg*

g



James H. McIlroy



Dr. E.F. Ellis

ohn C. Futrall

Lessie Stringfellow Read

Art Lewis

# EARLY MARRIAGES IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

Larkin Newton married Mary Ann Wilson on Sept. 2, 1829. Robert McCamey, the County Judge, performed this marriage.

Lemuel Tinnin married Mary Wood on Jul 6, 1830. The Rev. Andrew Buchanan united this couple in wedlock.

John Buchanan became the husband of Ellender Crawford on September 9, 1830. The services of James C. Blair were used.

John Pyeatt and Elizabeth Buchanan became husband and wife on March 26, 1831, through the services of John S. Blair. The couple lived at Cane Hill.

Samuel Stevenson and Nancy Pittman were united in marriage by the Rev. Andrew Buchanan of Prairie Grove. There is a Stevenson Mountain southeast of Prairie Grove and Illinois Chapel, and the Pittmans lived east of Prairie Grove and established the first post office there, called Sweet Home.

The Rev. Jesse B. Blair chose Jane Buchanan as his bride in a ceremony by the Rev. John Carnahan. Their date was June 21, 1831.

B. H. Smithson and Miss Cynthia Kinkaid, of Washington County, were wed on June 21st, 1831, by the Rev. H. S. Lafferty.

Major William Dugan and Miss Kinkead had their wedding ceremony on December 8, 1831, with the Rev. M. Buchanan officiating at the rites.

Leonard Shuler chose one Miss Gray, given name not shown, as his bride on December 29, 1831. The couple lived in Vineyard Township.

Henry W. Hill and Phebe Gray, Fayetteville couple, were wed on July 9, 1832, by the Rev. H. S. Lafferty.

The Reverend Allan M. Scott and Hannah Pogue, both of Cane Hill, went to the Rev. A. D. Smyth, who declared them husband and wife on August 30, 1832.

Benjamin Graham and Nancy A. Lollar were also married on August 30, 1832, by the authority of B. H. Smithson, a Justice of the Peace.

Captain William McGarrah, one of the first settlers in Fayetteville, and Miss Elizabeth Wolf were married on September 2, 1832. Justice B. H. Smithson performed this ceremony.

The Reverend Andrew D. Smith chose Adeline Wilson of Cane Hill for his bride of January 21, 1834. The Reverend A. Baird did the ceremony.

Edward C. Sneed and Nancy McGarrah were wed on April 20, 1834, by the services of B. H. Smith, Justice of the Peace.

Edward A. Elsworth and Jane McCamy, Washington County folks, had their wedding on May 27, 1834, by the Rev. Andrew Buchanan.

Claiborne Ake and Pheba Stonesifer, of Fayetteville, went to B. H. Smithson, who declared them husband and wife on July 17, 1834.

Lee T. Blakemore chose Sarah Byrnside as his bride of August 14, 1834, through the services of Justice B. H. Smithson. The couple lived in the Fayetteville, Arkansas, area.

*(Information through the Arkansas Gazette, Little rock, Arkansas, and early FLASHBACKS)*

# THE HOMESLEY FAMILY

*by Mrs. Stanley Hill*

Much has been written about the John R. Homesley family which came to Washington County, Arkansas about 1828. Much speculation has centered on where he was born and who his parents were, causing the families of Joseph and Benjamin Homesley to become entangled by earlier researchers. John R. and Stephen Homesley were listed as brothers, but they were really first cousins.

This story will deal with the progenitors of John R. Homesley and their whereabouts in America prior to, and after the American Revolution.

The earliest known progenitor of John R. Homesley was Jane Homesley who lived in Cumberland County, Virginia, where she was known to have had three children. Evidently her husband had died by 1759 when the Wardens of Southam Parish "bound out" her son Benjamin Homesley to Robert Beck, according to law. The following year Stephen Mosby was appointed guardian for her daughter Nancy (sometimes recorded as Ann). She was recorded as an infant at that time, but a year later when her mother made her will, Nancy was to receive her cash and her clothes. We assume she was ten to fifteen years old at this time, but why she was recorded as an infant a year earlier is a puzzle. In February of 1761, another son, Joseph, was "bound out" to James Aiken to learn a trade, and to receive board, room and clothing, and enough schooling to be able to read and write. These requirements were Virginia laws at this time.

No doubt the young mother was widowed, destitute and ill at this time and wanted her children placed in homes where they would get good care.

In October 1761, Jane Homesley (spelled Homersley in her will) died at the home of Rev. Robert McLaurine where she could have been employed as domestic help. A copy of her will follows:

Cumberland County, Virginia, October 26, 1761

> The Rev'd Robert McLaurine and Benjamin Weaver being called on to prove the noncupative Will of Jane Homersly dec'd. Swore that in her last sickness at the said Mr. McLaurines house where the said Jane Homersly was taken sick, the said Jane in her perfect sences desired that all the cash due to her from the said Mr. McLaurine, Micajah Mosby and others, might (after funeral charges are paid), be given to her daughter Nancy Homersly together with all her cloaths. In the presence of them the said Mr. McLaurine and Weaver and that she called on them to take notice of the said declaration and that she was residing in the said Mr. McLaurine's house ten days before. And the said Noncupative Will is order to be recorded.
>
> signed by George Carrington

In August of 1762 the account of *Ann* Homesley was filed with the County Court by her guardian, Stephen Mosby, and this is the last that is known of her.

The young Joseph Homesley (spelled Homsly in the papers) who was "bound out" as a child was my fourth great-grandfather. After being freed from his legal obligation, he bought 50 acres of land on Great Guinea Creek in Cumberland County. No deed was recorded when he bought this land, but there is one recorded which shows he sold the land in 1773 to Joseph Calland and Thomas Wright for a consideration of 23 pounds, 10 shillings current money of Virginia.

He married Mary (?) and had at least one child born in Virginia before they moved to North Carolina. This known child was John R. Homesley.

This migration to North Carolina was either in company with his brother Benjamin Homesley, or they followed him to Lincoln County at a later date. Benjamin is recorded as a member of the Sandy Run Baptist Church in 1782. This church now falls in Cleveland County, earlier it was in Rutherford County. Churches were few at that time, and members drove or walked miles to attend services.

After a lapse of 21 years we again pick up the trail of Joseph Homesley, when he recorded his first deed in 1794 in Lincoln Co., N.C. It was for 200 acres, which was purchased from William Munday for 30 pounds current money of North Carolina, being situated on Long Branch of the Muddy Fork of Buffalo Creek, including the first large fork in the crossing of paths that leads from the Courthouse to Carsons. The path is called Moore's Path. Many times the settlers from Virginia had lived on their lands for many years before recording a deed, as they had left Virginia to avoid the Tobacco tax, and did not want the Crown to find them. Two years later he bought another 200 acres from Elizabeth Munday, who was the wife of William Munday.

His estimated date of birth is about 1750-1, possibly born in Cumberland County, Virginia, but again, he may have been born in England and brought to America as a small child with his parents or his mother. He died in 1799 in Lincoln County, North Carolina, and his Will follows:

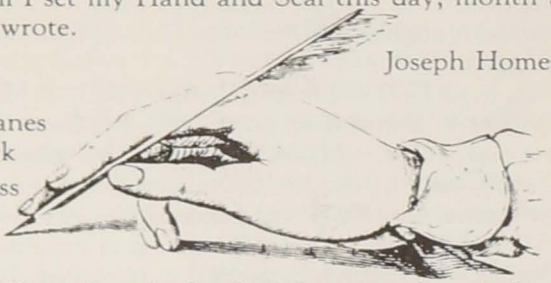
> Lincoln County, North Carolina, May 28, 1799.
>
> In the name of God Amen: This day I do now make my Last Will and testament.
>
> 1st, I give to my sun John Homsley two hundred Eakers of land, it being the place he now lives on. Likewise I give to my sun Burel Homsley, two hundred Eakers of land, it being the plantation he now lives on. Likewise I give to my daughter Patcy Homesly one Cow and Calf. Likewise I give to my daughter Sarah Homesly one cow and calf, and one bed. Likewise I give the rest of my property to my wife, and my three youngest children Burel, Polly and Chaney, but I lieve it in the cear of my wife, Mary Homsley for her support and thear support, but my wife must have it in hur pursesion to live on as long as she livs single, but if she maries the three children must have it, Equelly divided among the three. But if my wife should not mary till the children cumes of Eage, As they come of Eage my wife must let them have a Cow and Calf apiece and the rest she must keep for hur support and at hur deth

the three must have what is left in ther Mothers hand, divideing it equilly among them.

Whave (?) until I set my Hand and Seal this day, month and year first I have wrote.

Joseph Homesley

Wit: her
Roseanor X Hanes
mark
Mathew Childress
Benjn. Homsley



After the death of Joseph Homesley, the family did not stay long in Lincoln County. John R. Homesley and his wife, Mary (James) sold their land in 1803, moving first to Kentucky for a few years, then to St. Louis, Missouri, then to Wayne County, Missouri, and then to Northwest Arkansas by 1828. He relates this story as to why he left Wayne County, Missouri: A hog was missing in the Castor settlement, and he was accused of stealing it. After hearing the story of his misdemeanor several times, he began to believe it, and thought it best to find a place to live elsewhere. He located at Wesley, his son opposite where Dr. Hite lives, and his son-in-law on the Green Gibson farm, where he died in 1831. This was one of the first deaths in the Valley.

Burel, who was listed as under age in his father's will, and his mother Mary, sold their land in 1803 to her brother-in-law Benjamin Homesly, for two hundred fifty dollars. To date no record has been found of this family after they sold this land. They possibly may have migrated to Alabama.

John R. Homesley married Mary Jane James, the supposed daughter of James and Polly Pickett. Her parents were John Pickett and Hannah Withers who were married in Fauquier County, Virginia in 1770, and their supposed granddaughter was born eight years later! This definitely eliminates the above Polly Pickett as being the mother of Mary Jane James. Stephen James may have married another Polly Pickett. Evidence points to the above Polly Pickett as being the wife of Thomas James, Jr. of Fauquier County, Virginia. It is my belief that Mary Jane James belongs to one of the James family which lived in Lincoln County, North Carolina, and was not the daughter of Stephen James.

John R. Homesley was born 1773 in Virginia (probably Cumberland County), and his wife Mary Jane James was born 1778 in Virginia. Records show that her brother Adam James was born two years later in North Carolina. They were married about 1794, probably in Lincoln County, North Carolina. The 1800 census of Lincoln County was used to establish the age of the older children. At that time, his mother and her underage children were in the same household, and separating the two families leaves some doubt in my mind as to which children belonged to John R. Homesley. It shows three boys under ten years old, and as far as we can establish, John R. Homesley had just one son born before 1800. He was Stephen Homesley, born 1795. But again, two boys may have died when small.

Below is the revised family of John R. Homesley and his wife Mary Jane James.

1. Stephen, b. ca 1795 in Lincoln County, NC, m. Dessey Vaughan, dtr. of Samuel Vaughan; d. 1861-4 in Carroll County, AR. Killed by Civil War renegades.
2. Julia, b. ca 1797 in Lincoln County, NC, m. Henry Randolph Calfee. She and her husband died prior 1850, Madison County, AR (?). They had one son, John, who was raised by his grandparents. He was living in Clark County, MO in 1880.
3. Katherine, b. ca 1799 in Lincoln County, NC, m. John Austin about 1825 in Wayne County, MO. She may have married 2nd John P. Blakely.
4. Elizabeth H. (Betsy), b. ca 1801-2, m. 1st Michael Masters about 1818-19, m. 2nd Jesse Hawk; d. 1867 Madison County, AR.
5. James, b. ca 1805 in Kentucky, m. Jennie Womack, d. 15 Sept. 1881 in Wesley, Madison County, AR. Records show that he helped to build the first store in Fayetteville.
6. Burrell James, b. 6 March 1807 in Kentucky, m. Lucinda Wagnon in January 1832 in Washington County, AR. She was the daughter of Burrell Wagnon and Ruth Miller, and born in Indiana. D. 1891 in Comanche, Texas.
7. Nancy Narcissa, b. ca 1809, m. John Clyne Ernest about 1828-9, d. ca 1833 in either Carroll or Madison County, AR. They had two girls: Nancy, b. 1833, and Narcissa, b. 1829. They were raised by their grandparents.
8. Jane, b. 18121 in St. Louis, MO, m. ca 1830-1 to Benjamin Drake in Madison County, AR (these are my gr.gr. grandparents). This family moved to Hopkins County, TX just prior to 1860. Whether Benjamin died before they left Arkansas, or shortly after arriving in Texas, is not known. D. after 1870 at Sulphur Bluff, Hopkins County, TX. She may be buried in the Westerman cemetery south of Sulphur Bluff.
9. Mary, b. ca 1814 in St. Louis, Missouri, m. William Mullins about 1831 in Madison County, AR.
10. Levi, b. 25 December 1815 in St. Louis, MO, m. Zamarou Wagnon, sister to Lucinda Wagnon, m. 2nd Aly Means, d. 18 July 1880 in Tempe, AZ.

All of the above family still living in 1850 can be found on the Federal census of Carroll, Washington, and Madison counties in Arkansas.

I want to show here some of the findings on Benjamin Homesley, born about 1748-50, the son of Jane Homesley. He lived in Lincoln County, North Carolina by 1782, as his first recorded deed there was in 1790. He married Jemima Self, the daughter of William Self of Cumberland County, Virginia. In late life he left North Carolina, and is shown on the 1820 census of Cumberland County, Kentucky. His known children are listed:

1. Doshia Homesley, b. ca 1770-4 in Virginia, m. Ephraim Black, 21 December, 1790 in Lincoln County, NC.
2. Stephen Homesley, b. ca 1778 in Virginia, m. Esther Roberts 13 February 1809 in Lincoln County, NC., d. 2 February 1859 in Gaston County, NC, buried in Mt. Zion Baptist Church cemetery.

3. Joseph, b. ca 1780 in Virginia or North Carolina, m. Barbara Fulks, daughter of Charles Fulks and Barbara Anthony, d. ca 1823 in Missouri (Montgomery County ?).
4. Garnet (male) b. ca 1785 in North Carolina. He is shown on the 1810 census of Warren County, Kentucky. He moved back to Lincoln County, NC by 1818 when he purchased land from Robert Weir.
5. A daughter, born between 1775-1794. She is shown with her father on the 1820 census of Cumberland County, Kentucky.

The known children of Benjamin Homesley are included here to show that Stephen Homesley and John R. Homesley were first cousins, not brothers as earlier records show.

Who the Joseph Homesley was, who is recorded as settling in Tennessee and the father of William H. Homesley of Pickwick, Tennessee, is not known. I believe we will find him to be the son of Burrell, who was the son of Joseph who died in 1799, or the son of Garnet Homesley, listed above.

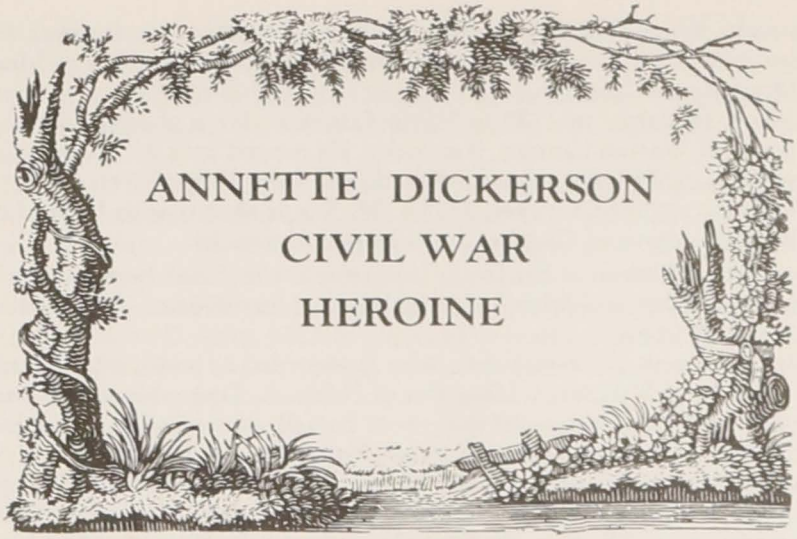
Years of research has gone into this family for additional information after I discovered, while working on the Benjamin Drake-Jane Homesley family in Madison County, AR, that the birthplace of John R. Homesley and his wife Mary Jane James was in Virginia, not in Germany and England as earlier records show, and that his children were listed as being born either in North Carolina, Kentucky or Missouri.

Constant research is being done now by many people to complete the families of Joseph and Benjamin Homesley who were bound out as children in Virginia.

Two of the most popular "wash places" on Ballard Creek were: a large pool on what is now Cleborn Cann's farm; and at the "Old Elm's Spring" on the farm now owned by George Scott. Tools used in laundering were a heavy bench made of a split log, a large iron kettle, and a "battling stick"; wooden tubs, too, if you wanted to haul them back and forth. The "battling stick" was a sort of big paddle, the blade of which was about eight inches by ten inches with a handle three or three and one-half feet long.

The process was as follows: clothes were first soaped with homemade "lye" soap, a stong, highly corrosive yellow soap, rubbed in a tub, soaped again, folded, laid on a bench, and beaten briskly with the battling stick. This was guaranteed (and still is) to clean the dirtiest of clothes. The clothes were then boiled, rinsed, and laid or hung out to dry.

From: *A HISTORY OF SUMMERS COMMUNITY*
by Zella Cann and Eugene Gibson, Fayetteville




from *Fayetteville Democrat* Monday, December 6, 1920

This is the story of a heroic girl who risked her life (and more) to save from death a company of Southern soldiers. It did not occur to her in doing what she did, that she was doing anything extraordinarily brave. It has remained for her children, her grand-children and her friends to list her among heroines.

The War Between the States had been in progress three years and women of the Southland, like the women of every invaded country, had suffered many hardships and become hardened to war and war's alarms. For three years they had been laboring in the fields and living without protection from their men. And at this time Bluecoats were everywhere in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas.

Annette Dickerson, for that was the girl's name, had returned from driving an ox team to the flour mill. She went supposedly for a supply of meal for the little family of women and girls. The mill was several miles distant from the farm where she lived and was in the possession of Federal soldiers. It was also guarded at every cross-roads to prevent Confederate soldiers from raiding it to secure a food supply. Southern women were allowed occasional rations, however.

At the mill Nette had placed her meal in the ox-cart, but was apparently having difficulty in turning her team around. A youth in Federal uniform offered to assist her and while on the seat beside her waxed loquatious *(sic)*. Ben Johnson, he said, was having his horses shod preparatory to crossing Boston Mountain where he hoped to capture or kill a company of "Rebs" who had become separated from their army and who were in camp until they could join their comrades. With surface indifference the girl listened, but with inward terror she realized that Johnson could wipe out, with his superior

numbers, those Southern soldiers as easily as a school boy could wipe penciled men from his slate. She thought rapidly as she hurried the oxen home. Her uncle, she felt sure, was with the isolated band. Three days ago he had escaped from the Federals and had been in hiding in the old rock house near her home. Each night Nette and her mother walked a path of stones, as carefully removed the next day, that no footprints might betray them as they carried food and drink to the weary escapee. When his blistered feet had healed and his exhausted body rested, he had made his way by stealth to join his comrades across the mountain.

At home, Nette hastily told her mother the news.

"Who will warn them?" the mother asked disparingly *(sic)*. She knew it would take two days and two nights to cross the mountain and the same length of time to return — if one did return. Wolves frequented the woods, Federal pickets — more feared than wolves — guarded every pass. It was a lonely way at all times; as much as one's life was worth in the perilous wake of war. And it was not only the picket's bullets women feared.

"I will go," Nette answered quietly. "There is no one else."

The mother, who was standing, steadied herself against a nearby chair, then weakly sat down. But she said no disparaging word. Her sons were Southern soldiers. Her daughter was captain of a company of girls who had sworn "to aid the Cause of the Southland at whatever cost — even life itself." The mother's face was white, but she said:

"How will you go, dear?"

"I will walk, and take Old Cris for company and to help me cross the streams."

The girl's brown eyes were luminous with resolution and darkened with determination until they were almost black. Her black hair was bobbed, and standing there so slim and fair, she looked like a handsome boy.

Without more words the two made their way to the barn. Both wept a little over Old Cris. Of all the family horses he was the only one left by the Union soldiers. He had been too old to be of value to them. He was a bag of bones because the enemy had left no feed in the once overflowing bins, and the women had been forced to feed him on what they could forage, which was little. Nette hardened her heart as she strapped a heavy saddle to his poor old back. Then, kissing her mother, she led the willing animal out of the yard and started down the road toward her friend Martha's home. Surely, she thought, Martha would go with her.

But Martha wouldn't. Martha's mother was afraid. It was not, after all, every mother who had raised her girl to be a soldier!

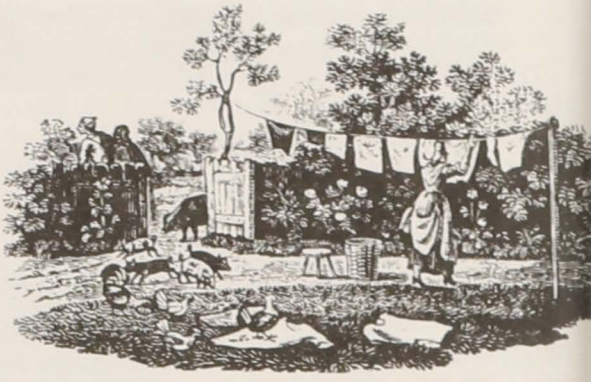
Leaving Martha's house Nette took up the lonely mountain road which soon became nothing but a trail. She has walked for hours but the mountain in front of her seemed no nearer. She shivered a little as she thought of the

miles ahead. Most of all she trembled at the thought of the Union pickets. On she walked until twilight fell. Threatening clouds deprived her of hope of even a friendly moon. Far off she could hear wolves. She stopped in her tracks. Then she thought of the boys.

"Ben Johnson shall not kill them — at least not until one of his pickets has first killed Nette Dickerson," she resolved fiercely. With renewed determination the little gray figure trudged on. If she could only reach Aunt Hanna's house without encountering a soldier!

After a time she did. Aunt Hanna lived alone on a river farm. She knew where the pickets were and could direct Annette around them as far as Main Fork. Aunt Hanna, if she had any fears for the young girl, alone and unarmed, crossing in the dead of night an enemy infested country, kept them to herself.

"Of course the boys must be warned," she said simply, and directed the girl on her way.



Midnight had fallen when Nette reached her second stop, the house of "Widow Burkett". Mrs. Burkett was all alone and pressed Nette to come in and remain until morning. The girl was exhausted and was glad to rest. Bill Burkett's name had been a terror to the bluecoats and therefore Johnson had his men to rob and mistreat this widow in any way they liked. Her pitiful story fired the little rebel girl with new strength. She was impatient for the dawn that she might be on her way. She was up and gone with the first ray of light. Fragrance of wild hazel filled the air when pressed by her hurrying feet. The spring day was bright and balmy, the clouds having passed in the night. But the sweetness and beauty could not for a moment make the girl forget her mission. She knew her own danger and the danger threatening the boys on the other side of the mountain. The mountain itself continued to recede before her. How close to her were the pickets she was passing? she wondered. She started at the sound of horse's stumbling steps behind her. She listened breathlessly to approaching footsteps only to find the sound her own loud-beating heart. The day advanced. The sun shone more relentlessly. When it was directly overhead the girl realized how hungry and faint she was. With gladness she saw a cabin ahead. Once in front of the ramshackle place the old horse refused to budge, as if he too were sure of friends within. The girl knocked and was admitted by another widow of war times, a Mrs. Cole.

Eagerly she offered a bit to eat to both the girl and horse and gave instructions how to dodge the pickets and to cross the next elevation. With fresh courage the travelers pressed on. The trail grew rougher and rougher and

more ascending, and both horse and girl stumbled often and made their way with difficulty. In the gathering dusk trees took on fearful shapes. Smaller shrubs looked like men with swaying arms. At last it grew so dark that not even outlines of the trees were visible. The girl kept the trail only by stooping often and feeling the open space in front of her. In doing so she scratched her hands and face on tangled undergrowth edging both sides of the trail.

A shriek rang out. The girl held her breath and listened. The cry was repeated, this time farther away. It was only the bark of a fox, the girl assured herself.

"I am not afraid," she whispered to the old horse, but she put her arm around his neck and pressed her face close to his comforting warmth. She was shivering so her teeth chattered. From cold, she told herself, for the chill of night was upon the wood. She was nearing the turn where she had been told pickets watched. A hoot owl somewhere on the left cried out suddenly and the girl pressed her teeth into her lip to keep from screaming. Then she remembered that hoot owls never harm. Wolves and what she feared more — men — lurked near. She could see nothing now and blindly she followed where the old horse led. Suddenly the path took a downward turn and the girl stopped a moment in sheer relief. She knew now that she was descending the mountain side and had safely passed around the spot where the last pickets were on duty. A pale moon made her progress easier and the next weary hours were less long. In the semi-gloom the girl saw a negro cabin. Here she roused a sleepy old darky and inquired of him the way to "Bob McIlroys". With many a"Bless you, Honey," the old man shuffled along the road until he had put the girl safely on the way, assuring her that "Marse Bob's just across that air creek."

At the crossing the girl mounted Old Cris, putting her arms around his thin old neck and crooning encouragement as he stumbled over the big boulders. The McIlroy house loomed large once she was across the stream. The place seemed deserted but after repeated efforts with the old knocker she waked the family. Sleepily they listened to her story. They heard with growing amazement, finally with eagerness. They did not know the Dickersons but they had often heard of them, and Mr. McIlroy, the Dickerson boys and the McIlroy boys were fighting side by side. That was enough. "Let us go with you," the two girls pleaded and their mother agreed. Leaving Old Cris the three took up another trail that took them to Mulberry River. Here they crossed in a canoe and on the other side started up the mountain. They had walked until gray dawn when a voice cried out "Halt!"

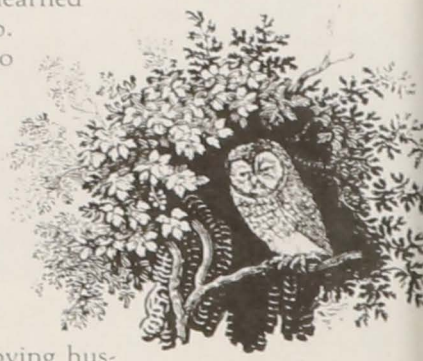
The three stood still in silence. A man with a gun on his shoulder approached. Nette gave one glad cry of relief and almost fainted into the arms of her astonished uncle. He was picket for his little party. He could not believe it was Nette before him at this hour and at this place. Briefly she told her

message. Instantly he raised his gun and fired both barrels. Immediately there was commotion and the sound of running men. Soon the whole camp was all astir. Within half an hour all of the Southern men were on their way to safety. There was little time to tell Nette how brave she was, but the uncle and the boys pointed out a little cabin, Mrs. Turner's, where the girls were told to rest and sleep till daybreak. It was late when they awoke and made their way back to McIlroy's. Here they found Mrs. McIlroy prostrated. She had not expected her daughters to be away so long. She had heard the shot. When they did not return she began to believe she had been duped into letting them go with a Federal spy to betray the camp. Too late, she remembered that the girl calling herself Nette Dickerson wore short hair and had a slim, boyish figure.

On their return she hugged her daughters in silence, then eagerly plied the three with questions. She begged Nette to remain a day or two. But Nette now was thinking of her own mother, also alone, anxious, waiting.

No thought of fear for the return haunted her. She had saved the camp! Elated, she again saddled Old Cris, who had been well-fed and rested. Eagerly, she began the long trip home. On the evening of the fourth day after her departure she tumbled tired but triumphant into her mother's arms.

Ben Johnson swore roundly when he learned that Nette Dickerson had warned the camp. But he declared also that he was going to capture Nette Dickerson, dress her in Federal uniform and made her head of his scouts to hunt Burkett. With a soldier's true regard for courage he recognized a heroine.



It is good to know that Annette Dickerson lived to marry a Southern boy near her home with whom she has lived almost 50 happy years and that today as flowers are placed on her grave by her loving husband, children, grand-children and friends, this narrative written at the request of her grand-children, will cause to be bestowed upon her in death that to which she was entitled but which she never claimed in life, a much-deserved Confederate Cross of Honor.

*(Editor's Note: The "Southern boy" whom Annette Dickerson married was Dr. Harvey Doak Wood of Fayetteville. Following is a letter he wrote to Annette's sister, Mary "Mollie" Maguire, on the occasion of Annette's death, and a portion of the funeral oration by Mr. Gillespie, as mentioned in Dr. Wood's letter.)*

December 13th, 1920
Mrs. M.E. Maguire
Sentinel, Okla.

Dear Sister Mollie,

Your letter of December the 7th came yesterday. I am sorry that I did not

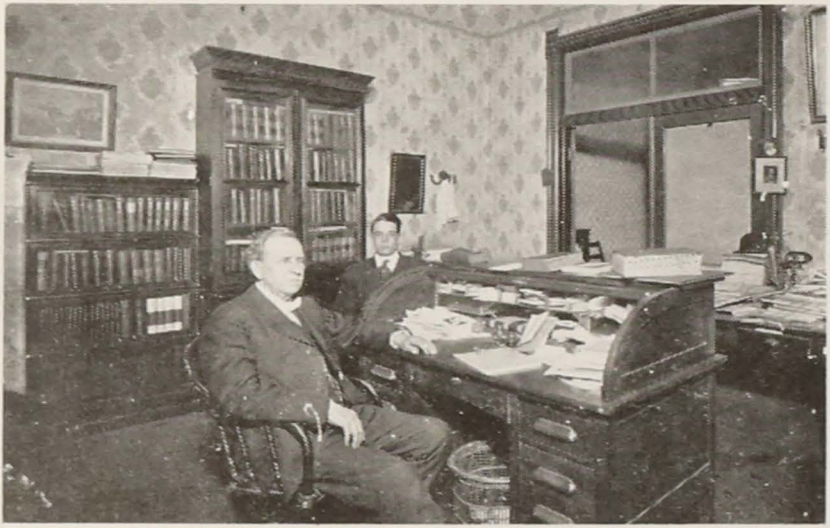
know your address so I could have wired you. I wired Hugh Dickerson at Earlsboro, but so far have had no word from him.

Your Dear Sister was ill only a very few days and her condition was not alarming then. None of the children got here before she passed away. She was taken down Sunday morning and Ruth came in and was with us to the end. She will make her home at my place, keep three of her children with her. It does seem lonely now without her.

There were many beautiful flowers brought into the church and later left to fade and wither on the new made grave. We will all mis *(sic)* her.

I am sending you a copy of our preacher Mr. Gillespie's address. Albert had several copies made and said for me to send one to each of aunts and one to his uncle Griff. I am sorry you were so far away that you could not see more of each other. May God help us to bear our loss.

Your brother, H.D. Wood



*Dr. H.D. Wood in his office*

**Funeral Address by Rev. Gillespie:**

*Funeral Address by Rev. Gillespie:*

Annette, daughter of James P. and Rachael VanHoose Dickerson, was born in Washington County, Arkansas, near Hazel Valley, January 6th, 1841, died in her home in Fayetteville, December 1st, 1920.

She belonged to one of the strongest pioneer families of this section, her parents coming from Kentucky with her mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John VanHoose.

She grew to womanhood in the neighborhood where she was born, obtaining her education in the school in her neighborhood, and the old Female Seminary on Mountain Street, this city. This school was established by Miss Sophia Sawyer. It was a religious, but not sectarian school, according to a copy of the catalogue for the year 1859-60, which Mrs. Wood had carefully preserved. It was one of the cluster of small Christian colleges in and around Fayetteville, which did so much to make the character of the people of that day and the following generation.

The breaking out of the Civil War broke up the schools and cut her education short, but in the awful years of that war that so tried the souls of men and women, the real heroism of this young woman, which was prophetic of the strong life she was to live was revealed. She was captain of a squad of young women bound together by an oath to protect and provide for the soldiers of the Confederate cause. Many yet remember the undaunted courage of that band. At one time she went alone on a journey of more than thirty-five miles, most of the way after night, leading her horse over the mountain near where St. Paul now is, and from there, with a young lady companion, crossing the Mulberry in a canoe to take important information to loved ones whose lives were in jeopardy.

After the Civil War, she taught school, first in her own neighborhood and then in Maguire's Store. At the former *(?)* place, her future husband was one of her pupils. She was married to Dr. H.D. Wood, a struggling young physician May 14, 1871. They lived first at Maguire's Store, then at Farmington two years, after which they came to Fayetteville in 1874. They have lived in this city ever since, forty-two years in the home where she died.

There was *(sic)* born to them four children: three sons, Benjamin F., Albert C., Walter H., and one daughter, Cora. The eldest and youngest sons live in New York City, and the other son in Philadelphia. The daughter is now Mrs. William Collins of Brantford, Canada. There are twelve grandchildren, and they all survive, hers being the first death in the family circle. At the death of the wife of Dr. Wood's youngest brother, a family of children were left motherless. Mrs. Wood adopted the baby, Ruth, and became a mother indeed to her. No child ever had a better mother, and no mother ever had a more devoted child. She is now Mrs. T.W. Clark, and was with her mother when the end came. Mrs. Wood leaves one brother, Mr. John G. Dickerson, of Springfield, Mo., and two sisters, Mrs. Lou Piper, of Spokane, and Mrs. Mary Maguire, of Oklahoma City.

*(Mr. Gillespie goes on to describe at great length the many good qualities and deeds of Mrs. Wood and pays tribute to the high esteem in which she was held by family and friends.)*

# THE HUTCHENS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, ARKANSAS

## 'Who They Were, Where They Came From, Where They Lived, Who They Married, Where They Lie'

In 1829 Sheriff Lewis Evans made a listing of the family heads living in Washington County, Arkansas. The name of HUTCHENS did not occur.

In 1830 a second census was made and no Hutchens appeared.

In 1840 a Federal Census was taken in which the following names appeared:

Anderson Hutchens  Elias Hutchens
Aquilla Hutchens  Strangeman Hutchens

Not until the Federal Census of 1850 did the records indicate in which part of the county residents lived. Thereafter they were listed by townships.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| HUCHEONS, | James W. | 36 | VA | Brush Creek Township |
| | Sarah | 38 | | |
| | John | 13 | | |
| | Elvira | 11 | | |
| | Jane | 10 | | |
| | Nancy | 9 | IL | |
| | America | 6 | AR | |
| | Aquilla | 1 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | Aquilla | 45 | NC | West Fork Township |
| | Winna | 25 | TN | |
| | James | 13 | AR | |
| | Anderson | 11 | | |
| | William | 9 | | |
| | Dicy | 5 | | |
| | Sylvanneus | 2 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | Elias | 45 | NC | West Fork Township |
| | Mary | 38 | | |
| | Caroline | 21 | IL | |
| | John | 16 | | |
| | Anderson | 11 | AR | |
| | Adaline | 8 | | |
| | Tabitha | 5 | | |
| | Evaline | 2 | | |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| HUTCHINS, | Anderson | 44 | NC | West Fork Township |
| | Jane | 36 | | |
| | Mary | 18 | AR | |
| | Charity | 16 | | |
| | Dicy | 14 | | |
| | Alfred | 12 | | |
| | Caroline | 10 | | |
| | Sarah | 8 | | |
| | Marina | 5 | | |
| | James | 3 | | |
| | Aquilla | 3 mos. | | |
| HUTCHINS, | Henry | 11 | AR | |
| HUTCHINS, | Charity | 60 | NC | |

The 1860 Census shows no HOUCHINS, HUTCHENS, or HUTCHINS.

The 1870 Census shows the following families:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| HUTCHINS, | William | 28 | AR | West Fork Township |
| | Adaline | 28 | AR | |
| | William | 8 | | |
| | E.A. | 6 | | |
| | L.C. | An infant | | |
| HUTCHENS, | J.T. | 34 | VA | Clear Creek Township |
| | Jane | 26 | TN | |
| | J.T. | 6 | AR | |
| | J.L. | 4 | | |
| | William | 1 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | A | 32 | AR | West Fork Township |
| | M.E. | 22 | | |
| | Charles | 23 | | |
| | Hatta ? | 1 | | |
| HUTCHENS, | Aquilla | 65 | SC | West Fork Township |
| HUTCHENS, | J.E. | 23 | AR | West Fork Township |
| | M.J. | 18 | | |
| | L.H. | 2 | | |
| | M.J. | An infant | | |
| HUTCHINS, | Jane | 57 | NC | West Fork Township |
| | M.L. | 10 | AR | |
| HUTCHINS, | W. | 36 | IL | West Fork Township |
| | M.J. | 31 | MO | |
| | M.L. | 12 | | |
| | B.A. | 10 | | |
| | S.P. | 7 | | |
| | L.S. | 6 | | |
| | Ellis | 3 | | |
| | E.J. | An infant | | |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| HUTCHINS, | Winny | 46 | TN | West Fork Township |
| | Aquilla | 17 | AR | |
| | Ambrose | 12 | AR | |
| HUCHINES, | J.T.N. | 44 | VA | Brush Creek Township |
| | Jane | 36 | TN | |
| | John Lee | 14 | AR | |
| | William B. | 10 | | |
| | Eliza J. | 6 | | |
| | Elizabeth | 3 | | |
| | Nuther ? | 5 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | A.Q. | 49 | NC | Crawford Township |
| | Winny | 54 | TN | |
| HUTCHINS, | Alfred | 42 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Margaret | 36 | AR | |
| | Charles A. | 17 | | |
| | Hetty | 10 | | |
| | Hester | 7 | | |
| | John M. | 6 | | |
| | Netty | 3 | | |
| | Boy (unnamed) | | | |
| HUTCHINS, | Alfred E. | 26 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Mary | 70 | NC | |
| HUTCHINS, | C.E. | 26 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Fanny | 28 | AR | |
| | Margie | 6 | mos. | |
| | Mary Jane | 26 | AR | |
| HUTCHINS, | G.C. | 32 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Lidda | 12 | | |
| | Mary E. | 28 | TN ? | |
| | Henia J. | 10 | AR | |
| | Francis N. | 8 | | |
| | Caroline | 3 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | G.W. | 46 | IL | Crawford Township |
| | Mary G. | 44 | MO | |
| | Balla | 21 | AR | |
| | Teling ? | 17 | | |
| | Shelby | | 15 | |
| | Eli | 13 | | |
| | Genet E. | 11 | | |
| | John C. | 8 | | |
| | Mary C. | 6 | | |
| | Jane C. | 4 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | Henry | 47 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Sarah H. | 23 | IN | |
| | William | 19 | AR | |
| | Elizabeth A. | 16 | | |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Henry W. | 13 | | |
| | Margaret | 7 | | |
| | Mary C. | 2 | | |
| | James A. | 1 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | John | 60 | IN | Crawford Township |
| | Susan | 60 | | |
| | Files | 30 | | |
| | Elmany | 29 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | White | 20 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Antonia | 16 | | |
| HUTCHINS, | William | 39 | AR | Crawford Township |
| | Adiline | 35 | | |
| | William R. | 17 | | |
| | Andores E. | 16 | | |
| | Eliza C. | 10 | | |
| | Frances M. | 5 | | |
| | James | 1 | | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alfred Hutchens | m. Margaret Taylor | 1859 |
| Alfred E. Hutchens | m. Margaret E. Hanna | 1859 |
| Daniel Hutchens, 21 | m. Tennessee Spears, 23 | 9-12-1886 |
| Ellis N. Hutchens, 20 | m. F. A. Hanna, 16 | 12-18-1870 |
| Ellis Hutchens, 21 | m. Susan H. Bell, 18 | 8-24-89 |
| F. M. Hutchens, 17 | m. M. C. West, 18 | 3-20-1892 |
| Henry Hutchens | m. Pansy McKenzie | 1859 |
| H. W. Hutchens, 21 | m. S. H. Hutchens, 18 | 12-21-1887 |
| J. E. Hutchens, 24 | m. Ida Quinton, 16 | 10-27-1881 |
| J. M. Hutchens, 21 | m. N. F. Smith, 19 | 10-24-1897 |
| John Hutchens | m. Mary Mallacoat | 1866 |
| John Hutchens | m. Mary J. Shumate | 1857 |
| J. S. Hutchens, 17 | m. Leona Lowry, 15 | 6-7-1896 |
| J. W. Hutchens, 24 | m. Lillie Williams, 17 | 10-27-1884 |
| M. E. Hutchens, 31 | m. Idia Atkinson, 21 | 1-8-1888 |
| Shelby Hutchens, 22 | m. Eliza Parker, 17 | 4-8-1887 |
| S. P. Hutchens, 24 | m. Bettie Brashears, 20 | 11-20-1887 |
| William Hutchens, 24 | m. Mary Alcott, 19 | 12-5-1898 |
| William Hutchens, 18 | m. Sarah E. Dockery, 18 | 12-25-1888 |
| W. P. Hutchens, 22 | m. Philiena Hanna, 18 | 8-21-1885 |
| A. E. Hutchins, 28 | m. M. E. Hanna, 24 | 2-21-1883 |
| A. G. Hutchins, 31 | m. Mary E. Williams, 25 | 5-3-1887 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. C. Hutchins, 20 | m. Florence Bell, 17 | 9-26-1891 |
| John Hutchins | m. Dina Quillen | 1860 |
| | | |
| Canzada Hutchens | m. L. F. Kelly | 12-18-1895 |
| Caroline Hutchens | m. James Reed | 1858 |
| Caroline Hutchens | m. S. Edmiston | 1859 |
| Charity Hutchens | m. P. Bomar | 1840 |
| Charity Hutchens | m. John Remy | 1853 |
| Charity Hutchens | m. C. H. Stonesifer | 12-26-1888 |
| Clem Hutchens | m. Sidney Bradley | 8-9-1894 |
| Eliza Hutchens | m. Joseph Hues (Hughes?) | |
| Eliza Hutchens | m. Zachariah Fine | 1869 |
| Eliza Hutchens | m. D. M. Barron | 7-22-1888 |
| Elizabeth Hutchens | m. R. Baker | 1845 |
| Elizabeth Hutchens | m. T. M. Stone | |
| J. Hutchens | m. James Atterberry | 9-29-1889 |
| Jennie Hutchens | m. William Hill | 10-21-1888 |
| Leodicas Hutchens | m. Ben Gilstrap | 10-12-1881 |
| Liddie Hutchens | m. Pleas Hulsey | 7-5-1886 |
| Lizzie Hutchens | m. Orrick Burrow | 12-5-1875 |
| Louisa Hutchens | m. William Atterberry | 3-6-1890 |
| Martha Hutchens | m. James Jett | 2-21-1897 |
| Mary Hutchens | m. James Brown | 1855 |
| Mary Hutchens | m. Charles Moore | 1861 |
| Nettie Hutchens | m. W. C. Phillips | 6-27-1888 |
| Sarah Hutchens | m. William Taylor | 1861 |
| S. H. Hutchens | m. H. W. Hutchens | 12-21-1887 |
| | | |
| Mary Hutchins | m. C. M. Smith | 12-31-1894 |

## WHERE THEY LIE:

| | |
|---|---|
| Adeline Hutchens (wife of W.M.), 3-17-1842/4-11-1910 | Hutchens |
| Agnes Hutchens (dau. of A.E. & M.P.) 1-4-1884/11-12-1900 | White House |
| Alfred Hutchens (son of Ellis & Mary Shores) 5-2-1854/8-3-1939) | White House |
| Anderson Hutchens, 7-23-1897/9-17-1862 | Woolsey |
| Anderson Hutchens (killed in Civil War) 12-1-1839/10-23-1863 | Hutchens |
| Aquilla Green Hutchens, 4-6-1854/ - | Brentwood |
| Infant son of A.G. & Mary Eliza, 5-21-1901 | Brentwood |
| Bertha A. Hutchens, 1868/1938 | Hutchens |
| Billie Hutchens, 1905/1928 | Prairie Grove |
| David L. Hutchens, 1865/1905 | Cincinnati |

Elkanah Anderson Hutchens (son of Ellis and Mary Shores) 7-11-1839/7-3-1861 — Hutchens
Ellis Hutchens (son of John and Jane Brasswell) 8-29-1805/5-5-1869 — Hutchens
Hutchens (a son of E.W. and F.A.) 1-18-1887/10-23-1891) — Hutchens
E. S. Hutchens, 1864/1945 — Hutchens
Hugh D. Hutchens, 1-13-1889/1-24-1957 — White House
Ida Quinton Hutchens, 1865/1945 — West Fork
Hutchens, an infant, 1895 — Hutchens
Ira Hutchens (son of Shelby & Eliza) 4-10-1896/3-20-1911 — Hutchens
Jane Jennie Hutchens, 1813-1814/1876 — Woolsey
Hutchens (dau. of John Wellington) b. 1860 (fenced) — Hutchens
J.S. (Bain) Hutchens — Brentwood
Sgt. Lawrence W. Hutchens (killed in Korea) 6-10-1918/11-28-50 — Woolsey
Mary Hutchens (dau. of Ellis & Mary Shores) 6-8-1851/3-16-1862) — Hutchens
Margaret E. Hutchens (wife of Alf E.) 4-30-1855/10-4-1915) — White House
Mary Eliza Williams Hutchens (wife of Aquilla, Jr.) 3-10-1861/5-19-1931 — Brentwood
Mary Jane Hutchens (wife of J.W.) 3-10-1836/7-27-1914 — Hutchens
Mary Lovina Holden Hutchens, 3-3-1899/2-2-1964 — Woolsey
Rhoda Elizabeth Clark Hutchens, 6-17-1879/7-28-1963 — Woolsey
Sherman Hutchens (son of Charles & Willie Allen) 5-13-1917/8-6-1975 — Woolsey
Sterling P. Hutchens (son of John W. & Mary Jane Shumate) 1-12-1863/8-4-1911 — Hutchens
William P. Hutchens, 1863/1932 — Prairie Grove
Hutchens, a son of W.S. & M.T. — Hutchens
Hutchens, Minnie (wife of Aquilla, Sr., b. Bedford, TN) 12-28-1821/8-2-1896 — Brentwood
Hutchings, infant of David L., 1896 — Farmington
Hutchins, Goldie, 1-7-1903/4-25-1943 — (Wyola) Black Oak
Hutchins, Leona Lowry, 4-18-1882/5-31-1961 — Brentwood
Hutchins, Mary — Black Oak
Hutchins, Odle P., 3-11-1889/9-20-1948 — Cincinnati
Hutchins, W. Lee, 9-19-1880 — Black Oak

## LAND PATENTS:

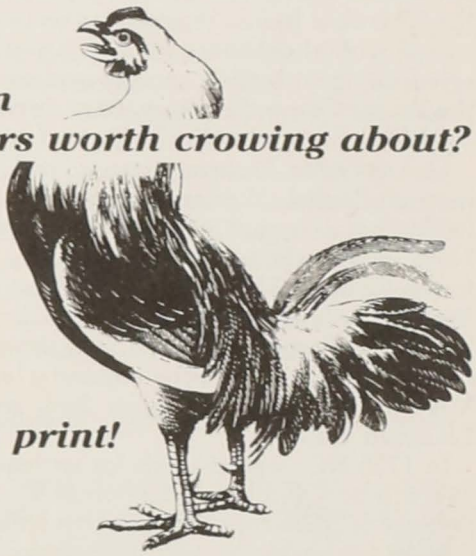
Anderson Hutchens patented lands in S-21 and 22, in T-14, R-30 West in 1849 and later.

Aquilla Hutchens patented lands in S-13, 14, 23, and 24 in T-14, R-30 West, in 1849 and later years.

Balis A. Hutchens patented lands in S-21, T-14, R-28, and in S-28, T-14, R-29, and in S-25 and 24 in T-14, R-30, 1882 and later.
Henry Hutchens patented 160 acres in S-26, T-14, R-30, in 1885.
Henry W. Hutchens patented lands in S-22 and 23, T-14, R-30 in 1889.
James C. Hutchens patented 40 acres in S-22, T-14, R-30 in 1904.
James C. Hutchens patented lands in S-15, T-14, R-30 in 1913.
John Hutchens patented lands in S-34, T-14, R-29 West, in 1925.
Mary Hutchens claimed lands in S-32 and 33 in T-14, R-29, in 1880.
Sterling P. Hutchens settled on lands in S-34, T-14, R-29, in 1899.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. McConnell has embarked on the monumental project of recording the names of all Washington County families (resident in the county more than 100 years) and documenting them as far as possible from the Society's records. The persons named in these records are, of course, not necessarily of the same lineage — they only carry the same name. Mr. McConnell has so far completed 16 families and will sell a paper-bound copy of each name for $5.00. Write him in care of the Society — 30 South College, Fayetteville, AR 72701.*

***Any of your Washington County ancestors worth crowing about?***



***Send us their story — You'll love seeing it in print!***

# THE WESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

*Mrs. B. O. Penney, 4850 Briarbend, Houston, TX 77035 is helping a WEST researcher in Knoxville, TN gather data on descendants of ancestor Thomas West on the group that came to Washington County, Arkansas. She welcomes exchange of information to assist in the publication of a book on WEST and collateral lines. A West family reunion is held on the second Sunday in August at Knoxville.*

Great-grandfather Edward West came with a sibling group (they numbered seven) ca 1846 from Pigeon Forge, on the Little Pigeon River, Sevier county, TN to Marrs Hill township, presently Viney Grove community, Washington county, Arkansas. Three had married in Tennessee, the other four would marry into pioneer families. Some fifteen years later their peaceful lives would be disrupted. Homes and possessions burned because this was the immediate area where the fierce battle of Prairie Grove would be fought on December 7, 1862. Teen-age sons and brothers, husbands a little too old to fight, would be forced to flee. Most of the wives, children and the very old men stayed to endure terrible hardships. Families with loved ones fighting with the Confederacy would be harassed by Federal troops from the garrison in Fayetteville. Homes not burned were those used by the Federals for hospitals and headquarters.

One so saved was the two-story home of Robert Jentry West which stands as a one-story today on that same land. Frank E. West, his grandson, lives today in Prairie Grove on that same land and says his grandfather went to Georgia during the War. A record I have indicates that Edward West fled to the Indian Territory. His son, John Mock West, not quite 16 in 1862 joined the Cherokee Indian regiment to serve until the end of the War, and Edward stayed with them some for protection. Six of that original family group of seven along with their spouses and some children and grandchildren rest in the Prairie Grove Cemetery. (Article on conditions during the War: "Grandma Mock Remembers", *Flashback*, November 1975.)

Our ancestor Thomas West, b. ca 1735, d. 1795 in Jefferson County, TN, married Rachel Oliphant, b. ca 1740, m. ca 1760 prob. Hunterdon Co., NJ (will of her maternal grandfather Freegift Stout). Rachel m. (2) Robert Gentry Nov. 1804 (m. bonds Jefferson County, TN), d. April 1814, will probated Jefferson County. Thomas and his oldest son Edward West have Revolutionary War Records in NC Accounts Books with DAR record. Lease records 23 April 1772 Farquier County, VA, show Thomas West and his brother-in-law Obadiah Oliphant, leasing adjoining lands in Farquier and Loudon counties, VA from George Washington. Bible records show his older children born in Loudoun County.

In 1778 NC opened lands for settlement, and Thomas West and brothers-in-law John Oliphant and Thomas Woolsey took grants near the Quaker settlement of Rheatown. Three of his children would marry Quakers. This land opened for settlement was the extreme western area of NC, later the state of Tennessee. John Sevier and James Robertson were leaders in the settlement of this dangerous Indian country. Settlers known as "Over the Mountain Men"

fought along with the militia and Continental soldiers to win that famous Battle of King's Mountain in 1781.

North Carolina couldn't pay her Revolutionary soldiers, so the Bonus Act of 1780 was passed granting land as compensation, which land would not be surveyed until 1782. In 1784, North Carolina ceded her far western lands to the U. S. but rescinded that Act in a few months. During this time the new state of Franklin was formed with John Sevier as governor, but the U. S. refused to recognize it. In 1789 North Carolina again ceded this land to the U.S. The Territory of Tennessee was established in 1794, and in 1796 Tennessee was admitted to the Union.

Thomas West had five land grants totaling 1,442 acres, and he bought adjoining land. He found his land that had been in Washington County, NC was now in the newly-created counties of Jefferson, Greene and Grainger in TN. A land suit helped establish the date of death of Thomas. In Old Record Book, Courthouse, Jefferson County, "appearance Causes 1796 Sheriff Robt. McFarland, Case No. 36, February 1796, Wm. Donelson vs. heirs of Thos. West, dec'd, made known to Edward West and Samuel West in the presence of William Morrow and Robt. McFarland. Judgment according to record." The West heirs lost, appealed, and won. The William Donelson, plaintiff, was brother of Rachel Donelson Robards who married Andrew Jackson. Donelson was a land-grabber and involved in many land suits. Andrew Jackson was a judge at this time in Jefferson County.

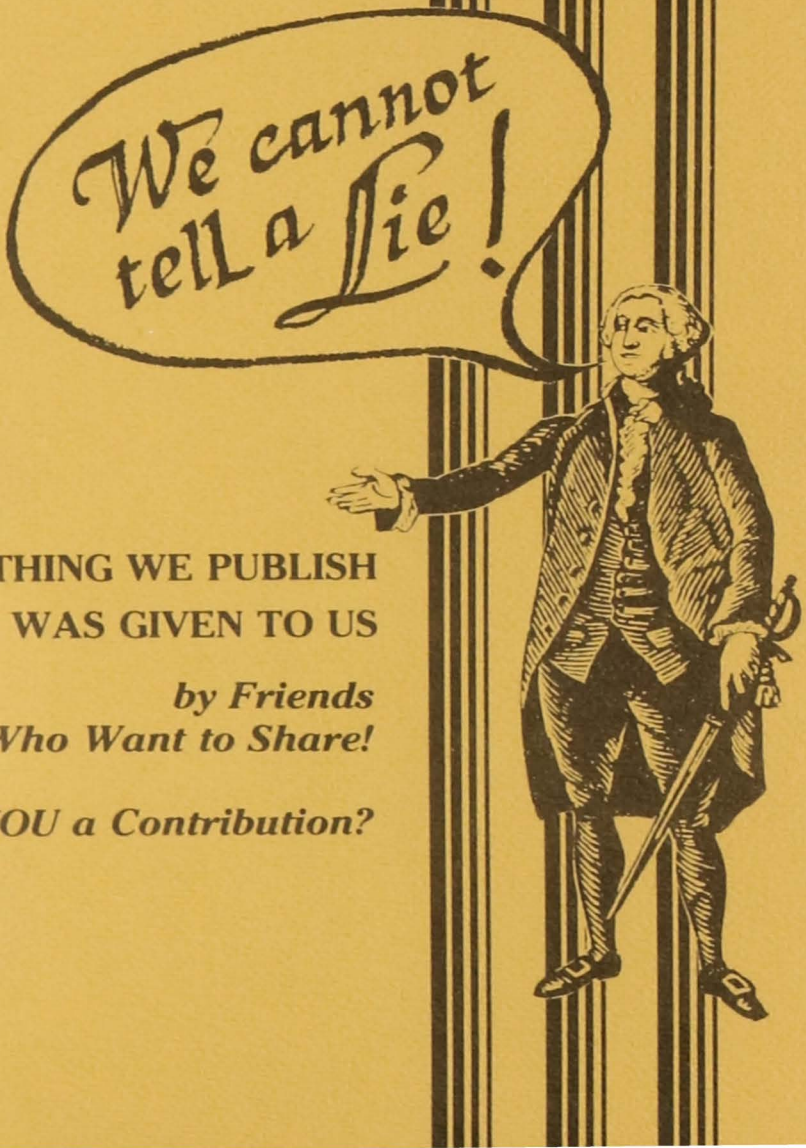
Thomas and Rachel West had several children on which researchers have data. A memorial monument for them and for his son Edward West and his wives (1) Lydia Stanfield and (2) Elizabeth Humphreys was erected by his descendants several years ago in the Cherokee Baptist Cemetery, Jonesboro, Tennessee.

Edward West, b. 29 October 1766, Loudoun County, VA, d. 8 August 1848, m. (1) Lydia Stanfield, June 1791; son Thomas, b. 28 May 1792. Married (2) Elizabeth Humphreys 25 December 1792, Washington County, Tennesee. They had nine children. His second son, Samuel Hamilton West (our line in Arkansas), b. 28 December 1796, Jefferson County, Tennessee. The obituary in a Knoxville paper says "Major Samuel Hamilton West died at his residence in Sevier County, 29 September 1838. He lived at Pigeon Forge, on the Little Pigeon River. The 1830 census shows an adjoining household of Philip and Jane Wilson Mock, whose two daughters would marry two sons of Samuel. He married Ann Dinwiddie Rankin, b. ca. 1800, m. ca 1816. Date or place of death unknown, but assume it would be before 1846 when children came to Arkansas.

The Samuel and Ann West children listed in 1850 Census in Washington County, Arkansas:

1. Elizabeth, b. ca 1815, m. ca 1837 Sevier Co., TN Champion Cowan, parents Andrew Matthew and Martha Evans Cowan, Rockbridge Co., VA and Sevier Co., TN; moved to Caldwell Co., TX ca 1852. (Eight children — 3 TN, 1 AR, 4 TX)

2. Robert Jentry, b. 25 November 1821, TN, d. 7 October 1886, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery. Married (1) Agnes Mock in TN, b. 25 July 1823, d. 12 September 1854, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery. (Brother John Mock brought his family ca 1852 to Washington County.) Child (a) Julia Ann, b. 9 March 1848, Washington County, AR, d. 11 October 1933, m. 1867 John Pyeatt, both buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery. Child (b) Mary Jane, b. 13 July 1852, d. 1928, m. Archibald Borden, both buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery. Married (2) Martha L. P. Rogers 19 June, 1856, b. 23 January 1838, d. 5 September 1920, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery (parents Hugh and Martha M. Rogers came with family ca 1852). They had ten children; the youngest Frank Ranking West. His son, Frank E. West is presently living in Prairie Grove, Arkansas.
3. Edward (my great-grandfather) b. 25 November 1823, TN, d. 3 June 1896, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, m. 17 March 1846 in TN. Mary Ann Mock, b. 4 May 1828, d. 10 February 1890, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery.
   a. John Mock, b. 14 January 1847, d. 26 December 1920, buried in Del Rio, TX, m. 28 December 1871 Valeria Skelton, b. 26 September 1851, d. 21 December 1933, buried in Colton, CA (her family in July 1960 *Flashback* — William and John Thaddeus Skelton families, Fayetteville, by Alan Gordon Skelton).
   b. Samuel, b. 27 January 1849, d. August 1850, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery
   c. Mary Agnes, b. 7 May 1850-1930, m. 26 November 1873 Joseph Tilley, both buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery. (*Flashback* August 1966 "The Ante-Bellum Tilley House near Prairie Grove" by Dr. H. E. Buchanan).
   d. Robert Gentry (Jentry), b. 28 May 1855, d. 23 August 1854, buried Prairie Grove Cemetery.
   e. Thomas Edward, b. 17 June 1856-1919 (never married), buried in San Angelo, TX.
   f. Elizabeth, b. 28 May-August 1889, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, m. 1886 S. B. Marrs, Jr.
   g. Philip Wilson (Fid), b. 8 March 1862-14 March 1948 (never married), buried in San Angelo, Texas.
   h. Annie, b. 21 June 1868-5 October 1904 (never married), buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery.
4. Thomas Rankin, b. 1828, TN, d. 1896, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, m. Hypasia Elizabeth Kinnebrough, 10 November 1852, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, four children.
6. Julia Ann, b. 1836, TN, d. 1901, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, m. January 1858 in AR Dr. Samuel Ed Rogers, b. 1834/36, d. 1912, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery; four children.
7. James Dinwiddie, b. 1838 TN, d. 17 July 1898, buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery, m. Tregator (Trejetta) Billingsley 7 October 1858, Washington County, stone Prairie Grove Cemetery 1842-1915; seven children.

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